SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

COMPLICATIONS in Canada's system of separate schools are ever coming to the surface, the latest development being in Montreal where a movement has been under way to legislate the present Protestant School Commission out of business by making the board elective instead of appointive as at present. It is charged that the Board as now constituted has not shown the best of judgment in the administration of its business affairs, and it is further alleged that while three clergymen who practically dominate the Board, are excellent men in their chosen profession, they have not shown a proper grasp of the situation as regards public schools. Dr. Finnie, M.L.A., for St. Lawrence Division, presented his bill to the legislature at Quebec a few days ago, and several prominent members, including Hon. W. A. Weir, Provincial Treasurer, supported it. The passing of this bill would have meant the immediate decapitation of the Board as now constituted. Rev. Dr. Barclay, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, himself a School Commissioner, took up the fight for the Commission, the result being that the Bill was shelved for the present session.

There was no blood spilled but much bad feeling engendered by the arguments following the introduction of the Bill. It resolved itself down finally to a contest between the Jewish element of the city of Montreal and the Protestant clerical element as represented by Dr. Barclay. The Jewish population of Montreal is far larger in proportion than that of Toronto, and as they pay largely into the Protestant Schools, having no educational institutions of their own to speak of, (the Baron de Hirsch Institute excepted) it is not by any means unthinkable that they should have some recognition. It was upon this point that J. A. Jacobs, a well-known attorney, and the Rev. Dr. Barclay clashed. In the heat of debate the reverend gentleman, who has a temper as well as a mind of his own, gave expression to a few sentiments that greatly offended Mr. Jacobs and his supporters. I quote the excerpt as Dr. Barclay himself has given it out:

"I was amazed to hear a statement made on the floor of the House that in our attitude to the Jews we were unbrotherly. The argument has no applicability to the case in point. It is not a case of brotherhood, but of principle.

"I regard a thief as a brother, and would gladly do anything I could to bring him to a better way of living. But I would never dream of giving him a voice in the management of my property.

"I regard an infidel as a brother, and would gladly do all I could to bring him to a better way of thinking. But I would never dream of giving him a voice in the upbringing of my children.

"I regard a Jew as my brother—I have a great respect for the Jews, in many things a great admiration for them—but we differ so radically in our ideas of education, and especially in what I consider the essential basis of education, that I would not, if I could possibly hinder it, allow the Jews to have any voice in the administration of our Protestant schools, or in the education of our children."

A pronouncement of this sort naturally set the whole place in a rhetorical flame, and it took all of Premier Gouin's persuasive eloquence to quiet the tumult. The probabilities are that had Dr. Barclay been in a less heated condition of mind he would not have expressed himself in the manner he did, for after all there is something to be said for the other side. Out of 11,000 children attending the Protestant schools in Montreal, a full four thousand are Jews. The parents of these four thousand children pay taxes into the Protestant school panel, but at the same time are utterly without representation on the school board or among the teachers. Many men and women of Jewish faith have qualified as teachers and now hold certificates, but up to the present the Commissioners have held steadfastly to the rule of giving none of them employment.

Dr. Barclay and his supporters contend that if the Jews are not satisfied with existing conditions they can have a separate panel and open schools of their own. This is quite plausible, only it would appreciably weaken the system by subdividing funds which can be much more effectively utilized when placed in a common treasury, and administered by a common board. Then again, if the Jews are to break away and open public schools of their own, the Armenian will want his school, the Russian his, the Greek his, and so on through all the races which Canada is taking in and endeavoring to assimilate. The separate schools question, dividing Protestant and Catholic, is complicated enough as it is, but where will it end if the Jews start a subdivision and others follow suit until we have a country full of small, ineffectual educational institutions?

It looks to me as if the British spirit of fair play was lacking in the present instance.

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THE insistent and to say the least whole-hearted method by which a certain section of French Canadians of the Province of Quebec hope to maintain the supremacy of the French language in that section of Canada is ridiculous if nothing else. A bill has just been passed by the Quebec Legislature which, if it stands the test of the high courts of the Empire, will force all common carriers, telepraph companies, etc., to have their way-bills, contracts, tickets, in fact all documents with which the public come in contact, printed in French as well as in English. The business of the Province of Quebec, so far as regards corporations is, of course, overwhelmingly English. The railways, the telegraph companies, the telephone companies, the shipping corporations, the manufacturing concerns and the large wholesale houses are, with very few exceptions, dominated by English Canadians. The French language is utilized when business necessities, arise, but not otherwise. Now, however, a certain section of ultra French Canadians will have it a provision of law that the French language be placed on an equal footing with the English upon all documents issued by common carriers and corporations of like nature. Naturally the railways and the business men are up in arms against it, and the chances are that the bill will find itself eventually in the cellar along with a lot of other fool legislation which it attempted at Quebec from time to time. It is contended moreover by those opposed to the bill that such legislation should come under the Federal Railway Act and is *ultra vires* of the province. As it now stands, however, all public service corporations must submit to be fined, or else cease to do business within the limits of the province of Quebec. Henri Bourassa, Armand Levergne and the "National Party" are the authors of this legislation which reeks of fanaticisms and of a longing for the re-establishment of the old regime.

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WHEN in these times half the world is seemingly at the throats of the other half, it is a marvelously edifying thing to thumb over such a document as the Carnegie Hero Fund report, and in its pages learn that in this work-a-day world, heroes and heroism still live. Not the heroes of barbarism, who, as Mr. Carnegie says, maimed and killed, but those who follow peaceful occupations and, who, when crisis and opportunity arrives, prove themselves. The report seems to say that courage has no distinguishing breed, occupation or sex. Men and women, boys and girls of all nations are represented. One is impressed, however, by the fact that the great majority figuring in the report are from among the working classes. This, however, may be accounted for to some extent by the fact that the deeds of the well-to-do are, for obvious reasons, not brought to the attention of the governing committee; though few, no matter what their stations in life are, would object to the Carnegie medal, even if they were in no need of a proportion of the fund which might under certain circumstances come their way.

Up to the present, the fifth year of the existence of the fund, 246 heroes and heroines have been rewarded in Canada and the United States, while 2,059 applicants have been refused and 914 cases are still pending. It can therefore be inferred that the work of the committee has been carefully done and no unworthy persons have received the medals of gold, silver or bronze, or the pecuniary benefits which may be attached thereto. There has therefore been no cheapening of the honor.

Sums varying from a few hundred to ten thousand dollars have been granted. In one case it was to lift a mortgage; in another to educate the family, and again to provide for the families of the men and women of courage who had risked their lives and lost them. In each case, however, the money appears to have been placed to the best possible advantage, and in no way can it be dissipated or squandered. Mr. Carnegie's deed of trust makes it necessary that the recipient of funds remain respectable, well behaved members of the community, but heroes and heroines are to be given a fair trial, no matter what their antecedents. Heroes, he says, deserve pardon and a fresh start.

Forty pages of the report are given to recounting the acts of heroism that have been recognized by the committee. The list includes laborers, schoolboys, coal miners, hospital attendants, house-wives, storekeepers, printers, tug masters, engineers, firemen, moulders, deckhands, sailors, ship captains and tug captains, blacksmiths and civil engineers. Each story is told in a bare half dozen lines, and often it is the story of those who died to save their fellow men. So long as Andrew Carnegie's Hero Fund is well administered, there will be few who will not agree that he could scarcely have placed five million dollars to better use.

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ONTARIO is growing up. We have lately received flattering assurance of the fact by the publication of the royal approval of a crest and a pair of supporters—not to be confounded with suspenders—for the provincial arms. Notice is thus given to whomsoever it may concern that Ontario has finally worried through its long adolescence, as typified by a bare shield, and that it may now look the world in the escutcheon unashamed. The crest and supporters in question have already figured in the papers alongside the warmed over Kinrade case, and they would be very impressive if they did not so much suggest the urgency of an appeal to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. According to the version which claims to be especially authentic, an unfortunate and dismal-looking bear is left floating about over the shield on a cigar-shaped arrangement which is probably the heraldic version of an aeroplane. This is the crest. The shield itself is held between the fore-legs of a moose and a red deer who stand in a very uncomfortable and insecure position, suggesting the probability of spinal meningitis in an aggravated form. These are the supporters. They are placed on a very involved scroll which bears an inscription in Latin, as being the heaviest language handy and most likely to stand the strain. Such of our readers as have had Latin lexicons left them by their grandfathers will get a lot of innocent and wholesome amusement from working the meaning out. So I don't think it advisable to tell them—even if I did know. The heraldic explanation of all this is beautifully succinct and full of rare felicities of style—"Upon a wreath of the colors a bear passant sable (no wonder he looks unhappy), and the supporters on the dexter side, a moose, and on the sinister side, a Canadian deer, both proper." There is something particularly pleasant and reassuring about the last item. Bucks, whether of the moose or red deer, have so long labored under an imputation of laxity in domestic relations, that it is a great satisfaction to know that no taunt of impropriety can be hurled at the horns of the new provincial supporters. Thus do our armorial bearings now stand completed, and Sir James Whitney is entitled to make a noise like a full-fledged knight-errant.

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THE treaters have again won their point against the anti-treaters in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The question of whether one should buy booze for a fellow member of the club as well for himself is by no means a new issue. On two previous occasions the anti-treating contingent has brought the question to the front and each time it has suffered defeat at the hands of the congenial element. Without going into the rather abstruse problem of whether the treating habit promotes or discourages intemperance, it may be said for it that the custom of buying drinks for one's friends, whether club members or not, applies very generally in similar bodies throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. The normal man buys a friend a drink because it is the customary manner of showing him a little attention, and for this self-same reason the second man returns the compliment by buying the first man a drink. Net result: two drinks where perhaps one would have done as well. On the other hand going to a club and buying a sherry flip, all by your lonesome, would hardly be voted a festive and joyous occupation. After all it resolves itself down to the question of endeavoring to make by law or by by-law a section of the population temperate or overtemperate, according to the view point of the individual. So far as I can figure out, a man who must be bridled and curbed to the extent of passing by-laws to keep him sober, should not be a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, or any similar organization.

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WE read with avidity all particulars of the newly launched ocean greyhound; of the blue ribbons of the seas; of the strife between the Cunard and the North German Lloyd lines, but at the same time few of us realize the enormous monetary sacrifices that make these achievements possible. I notice in an English paper the statement that the North German Lloyd company lost in the last year no less than $4,400,000, which wipes out the company's entire reserves. It further means that a capital of $60,000,000 lies unproductive for at least twelve months. This is what the world's great steamship companies pay for the swiftest and finest vessels afloat and for carrying the "blue ribbon" of the Atlantic.

A year ago the Cunard company was able to pay 5 per cent. to its stockholders, but it is not likely to pay any dividend this year, if one may judge from the general falling off in traffic and the experiences of their great rival, the North German Lloyd. The faster and finer the steamship the poorer the investment, and it all resolves itself down to the point where the slow going, unattractive old cargo boat, which makes no fuss and is seldom known by name outside the immediate family circle, has to pay for the fuss and feathers of her swell young sister. This sister crosses the Atlantic in five days or so; is acclaimed by the newspapers and her captain is interviewed. The cargo boat crosses, unheralded in ten or eleven days, lands her cargo, takes on another and is away again. We have not even heard the captain's name. But the profits from the freight entombed in her rusty old hull have gone largely to make up for the losses sustained by the fast young member of this aquatic family.

There is a very human side to the steamship business, and we realize it better than the men who pay the bills.

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IN the British House of Commons the question of regulating the speed of motor cars has not only been discussed, but it would appear that a solution is in sight. Some bright mind has evolved a gong-speedometer, which when attached to an automobile, and the car is exceeding the speed allowed by law, the gong will resound in such a manner as not only to notify the driver that he is exceeding the speed limit, but also warn those in the immediate neighborhood. It is claimed by the London police authorities that an arrangement of this character can be made and attached in such a manner that it would be quite impossible to tamper with it, and moreover that the whole contrivance is quite practical. This speedometer alarm might well be introduced in the Province of Ontario and throughout the Dominion for that matter. The present difficulty is that the hare-brained motor owner, with a bug for fast driving, makes a practice of exceeding the speed limit at any and all times, and in consequence the whole countryside is crying out for legislation that will stop him plying his motor car. But incidentally the man who operates his car in an orderly decent manner, with due respect for the privileges and rights of others, is also caught in this net of disapprobation, and made to suffer with the guilty. When the speed maniac is obliged to turn loose a six-inch gong every time he drives his car beyond the limit allowed by law he is going to think twice, and if he doesn't then the police can easily think for him.

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HAS the investor any moral obligation? The Convocation of Canterbury has been discussing the problem of investing money and has come to the conclusion that it is time to recognize moral responsibilities in investments. The problem is one of more than passing interest, for if the professed Christian is going to see to it that his money or that of his corporation is invested in enterprises which he can conscientiously father and support, he will be far more discriminating than has ordinarily been the case. Dr. Gore in speaking to the resolution before the House of Bishops, some days ago in London, said that the adoption of such a principle would produce a profound change in the whole economic world, but, nevertheless, he favored it strongly, while the Bishop of Hereford also supported the resolution in strong terms. The latter gentleman said that he believed name plates should be attached to all slum property, indicating plainly who the proprietors were. He thought that this simple expedient would do more than all else to eradicate some of the existing evils. Dr. Gore on his part wished to impress upon the Christian conscience the fact that people are morally bound in investing their money to consider whether the enterprise is beneficial to society, whether it is something useful or something conducing to the beauty and grace of life. Another question was that of investing in breweries and like enterprises, while still another was that of foreign loans. There were many instances in modern history where the attitude of a country to grave political situations, raising questions of right and justice in acute forms, had been seriously handicapped by the fact that a certain foreign loan had been largely taken by a certain country. The Committee of the Upper House passed the report upon lines indicated above. In the Lower House a discussion on the same subject ensued, but the report was referred back, the Archdeacon of Ely explaining, "It was Socialistic, and Socialism was un-Christian."

I quote the Archdeacon's exact words as reported in Public Opinion, London, a conservative, dignified journal

which is not at all likely to make an error. If attaching the nameplate of some of England's aristocrats to the slum buildings owned by them in London is a socialistic act, and according to the Archdeacon of Ely outside the pale of Christianity, then the Archdeacon's Christianity needs to be brought up to date. It wants to be riveted anew and copper fastened, for it surely leaks somewhere. For many years Trinity Corporation in New York City was the proprietor of great blocks of slum property, a crying menace to health, morals and decency, and it was only when magazine writers exposed these slums, bringing them out into the bright sunshine of publicity, that Trinity Corporation began to rectify its errors. If years ago the dignified title of Trinity Corporation had been placed in brave letters above the doorways of these pest-holes, where men, women and children were housed like beasts, public opinion would have demanded a reckoning, and the men at the head of the Corporation would have found themselves doing work which for generations has been staring them in the face.

Socialism is to-day an unbaked mass. As yet it has taken no form or shape. No two authorities, no two writers appear to agree upon its fundamental principles. We have the outward visible signs of socialism in the operation of state owned railways, telegraphs, telephones, and we have also the very earnest cry that land should be cultivated and not allowed to lie dormant and unproductive while tens of thousands walk the streets and starve. We have New Zealand, where they are able to give a pair of Dreadnoughts out of the public purse, though the population is only a million, and where they have taxed land to the extent of breaking up a land monopoly. There are those who call New Zealand a Socialistic community.

According to Webster's International, Socialism is "A theory or system of social reform which contemplates a complete reconstruction of society, with a more just and equitable distribution of property and labor." That does not sound so dreadful, after all, and besides it leaves a wide range to the imagination as to just how all these things are to be accomplished. In any event it does not look sufficiently dangerous to be black-listed by the Archdeacon of Ely as un-Christian.

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A CONFERENCE was held in Detroit the other day, the object of which was "better trade relations with Canada." More than a dozen States bordering on Canada were represented, and the delegates came from Boston on the east to Duluth on the west, while some of the Canadian centres, including Toronto, were also represented. Governor Warner, of Michigan, welcomed the delegates and warmly endorsed the purpose of the convention. Delegate Judson, of Grand Rapids, stood for open markets and no unnecessary border vexations. Delegate Mitcher, of Detroit, told how the two dollar duty on lumber had cost Michigan $15,000,000 in twelve years. He said that millions of money was being wasted yearly because they could not purchase lumber in Ontario in place of going to Oregon and Virginia for it. A dozen other men, mostly Republican, the despatches say, pronounced the Dingley tariff an outrage on common sense, and also stated that the United States was tariff crazy. The Canadians present had their innings, among them Mr. J. A. Macdonald of The Globe, who took occasion to tell those present that reciprocal trade relations were the thing; that when you join hands in trade you will not take up the sword of war.

Of course, we hear all this over and over again, and when the United States Congress meets to discuss tariff matters they still stick pretty closely to the limit as regards a protective tariff. But in time this reciprocity talk is going to tell. In time the majority of people on both sides of the line are to be convinced that paying more for a thing than it is worth, just because your neighbor wants to make it in place of the fellow who can make it best and cheapest, is bad business, and that the present notion of tariffs and bonuses is a waste of the good things that nature and climate and industry have given our continent.

Montreal was not represented at the conference. The Board of Trade of that city was invited to send a representative, but in place of a representative they sent back word, so the papers state, that they were not interested. It meant nothing to them and they did not care to discuss these questions. I would prefer to believe that the Montreal Board of Trade has been misquoted in the matter. Of course, the majority of the ruling spirits of that body are ultra protectionists, by reason of the fact that they either own or are interested in protected and pap-fed concerns, such as cotton mills and iron and steel works.

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THE Briton has, in the words of The Daily Mail, London, begun to think aerially. In other words the Britisher is beginning to take a live interest in air ships, and already a "two power air fleet standard" is talked of. The Daily Mail is now in the field with prizes of 12,000 pounds sterling for airship flights, while Rear Admiral Sir Percy Scott announces that the advent of a new gun, with which he hopes to blow to bits, at a distance of 6,000 feet, any hostile aerial craft that hovers over a British warship. "But we must remember," continues the Rear Admiral, "that these air ships may come over us in the dark or in foggy weather. You cannot hit an object you cannot see. The most effective defence against flying machines is by the use of flying machines."

So it would seem that we are well launched on an aerial programme of offensive and defensive tactics, fast arriving at the place where air ships will play no inconsiderable part in the evolutions of the fleet. As the torpedo boat was followed by the torpedo boat destroyer, so the air ship is already being chased along in the field of invention by airship destroyers. In Germany as well as in England a gun has been invented with the idea of planting shells in the flying airship.

These guns, going England one better, have an elevation of 75 degrees, and are capable of throwing projectiles a height of seven and one-half miles. It would seem that after all Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, in their fantastic tales of air navigation, are not so far removed from the year 1909.

THE COLONEL.

In commenting on the recent action of the United States authorities in the matter of removing customs charges on imported works of art, a writer in The New York Herald says: "The mistake of these embryo statesmen and amateur free trade exponents is that they forget that true art feeling is a growth from within, not an accretion from without, in the case of each individual, and that there is no wholesale method of elevating the people aesthetically, nor will there ever be. The so-called different 'golden ages' of art were not brought about by robbing foreign lands of their art treasures and setting them up in new surroundings for which they were not intended, and thus perverting the natural growth and development of true taste and the art of finding an expression for it."

The Men That Get the News

THAT YOU READ TO-DAY

James P. Haverson, of The World.

JAMES P. HAVERSON, of The Toronto World, is he who renders into English for his morning paper a record of what the Toronto Police are up to each day of the year, and the things that get past this large young man on this particular assignment are not worth the chronicling.

Haverson knows every policeman in Toronto, with possibly a few exceptions. He calls them all "Brother" when he meets them on the street, and in return for this he expects them to cough up to him anything good in the way of police news that they may have up their sleeves. He salutes Chief of Detectives Duncan as "Walter" when he goes into the latter's private office in the quest for information, and he has made himself solid in a hundred different ways with division officials, detectives, plain clothes men and constables, any of whom may at any minute light on a story that makes good reading next morning. There is, to the young reporter sent out to lick himself into commercial value to his paper by brushing against the police, something almost brutal, not merely to say disrespectful, in the way that Haverson approaches either a plain cop or a gold-braid official, right in the shadow of the Police Court. The attitude of the cub reporter is quite naturally, "Please, would you mind telling me——" about whatever he is after. Haverson grabs his man and affectionately shakes what he wants out of him. He treats the cops as they want to be treated man to man, courtesy for courtesy, threat for threat, growl for growl, and they all seem to think he is hot stuff, so to speak.

J. P. H. learned how to corral, and how to write news stories in Middle West cities of the United States. When he returned to Toronto he broke away from the newspaper game to study law, but a few months' reading and wrestling with the moldy epigrams of great dead ones bound in calf sent him reeling back to the editorial floor again.

In addition to being a crime-chronicler, James P. Haverson is known for the special newspaper and magazine stuff he gets off from time to time, and the characteristic verses that frequently appear under his name in SATURDAY NIGHT carry their own welcome with them. Many of them are terse philosophisms couched in slang or in Ghetto tongue that the critics say are good. So far James P. has been guilty of only one book, titled "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead."

In Memoriam of W. H. Drummond.

THE singing of the hermit-thrush, the liquid of his trills,
His loud notes' mellow vibrance ringing clear across the hills;
The voices of the voyageurs that sound above the gale;
The edges of a curly cloud, the whistle of a quail;
The little sunlit patches here and there along the trail;
The lacy foam that bubbles 'round the eddies in a stream;
The orange red of camp-fires, when we sit around and dream;
The habitants who answer to the tiny chapel bell;
The simple, homely people whom you knew and loved so well.
These, and a million others, join the silence as it sings
The tender, loving measures of unutterable things.

EDWIN WARREN GNYOL.

The Ladies and Their Hats.

THE present spring fashions in hats were satirized in a manner unfortunate for the victim the other day, according to a story told down town this week. Of course, every one knows that women this spring to be really modish must wear a sort of inverted waste paper basket or preserving kettle.

The other day, so the story goes, the passengers on a Queen street car were astonished to see a lady get on accompanied by a little girl who wore for headgear a granite pot of the fashionable shape. The child seemed to feel her position keenly and tears came into her eyes when the passengers laughed. Some of the brutal men were inclined to think that the pot was a deliberate burlesque on the styles of the day, but it was soon ascertained that the matter was no joke. The child in play had stuck the pot on her head and her mother had failed in all her efforts to remove it. She took the youngster to the Western, where after a considerable struggle, not without attendant pain, the innovation in the way of millinery was removed. No doubt she is now a sadder and a wiser child.

Speaking of the spring fashions it may be said that the latest tale told by one of the wittiest of our local Munchausens is that an ambulance was sent for by one of the big department stores the other day to take home a lady who had fainted and could not be revived. The story is that the lady had tried on two hundred and fifty hats in a vain endeavor to find one that was becoming and had finally succumbed.

AN INTERNATIONAL NUISANCE

European Chorus: "Phew! what a dreadful smell! What's that awful Boy burning now?"

The Doctor Unfrocked.

FEW who know Dr. Torrington, "the father of music in Toronto," can call up his image in anything but a frock coat. To the thousands he has drilled in chorus, choir, and solo work he is nothing if not autocratic. But there is one young lady who will have naught to do with him in either garb or mood so well known to the public. She is his little grandchild, and to her mandate he bows.

In New Ontario, where all the two and a half years of her life have been spent, coats that reach the knees are overcoats. Her mucn loved "G'anpa" must be made comfortable now that she holds sway in the College of Music. No sooner does Dr. Torrington enter the home precincts than he is greeted with: "Tate off yout tote, G'anpa; tate off your tote!"

Obedient to that one small insistent little lady, the Prince Albert is laid aside, and now callers are continually surprised by being granted audience with the music master in a sack coat.

Making Marbles a Crime.

IT would seem that Russian methods of government are not altogether foreign to Toronto public schools. In a northwestern school, one of the largest in the city, the principal recently issued orders that no more must the boys play marbles. Now, there's no surer sign of spring than the annual marbles season in the school yards, and some of the trustees kicked so hard when they heard of the principal's action that the inspector had to go up to that school and ask for explanations.

"Why not let the boys play marbles?" he asked.

"Because they play for keeps," replied the principal in tones of righteous indignation. "Playing marbles for keeps is a hotbed of the gambling evil."

But the inspector, remembering that in his youth he was a mighty marble shot, that he played for keeps, and that he is not now a gambler, countermanded the order of the principal.

The same principal lately discovered that two of his boys had indulged in a Homeric fistic battle, which was witnessed by some twelve interested lads, who, however, did not interfere. He licked the dozen for looking on.

Adding a Day to the Calendar.

DURING the recent session of the Ontario Legislature an amusing incident occurred one day when W. H. Hoyle, the Tory member for North Ontario, was explaining a bill which changed the date for the closing of certain accounts from November 30 to Dec. 15.

"From Nov. 31 to Dec. 15," said the North Ontario member, unconscious of his slip.

"What?" interrupted Hon. A. G. Mackay, the Opposition leader.

"From November 30 to December 15," again explained Mr. Hoyle, politely.

"What?" again came the sharp voice of the Opposition leader.

"From November 31 to December 15." once again explained the North Ontario member, but this time not quite so politely.

"What's that," persisted Hon. A. G. merrily. But there are limits beyond which a dignified Tory front bencher, particularly one with a fine clear voice like Mr. Hoyle, will not stand interruptions by an hon. gentleman opposite.

"My hon. friend," came the lofty retort, "need not interrupt. I spoke quite distinctly. I said from November 31 to December 15."

And then there was a laugh, in which even Mr. Hoyle joined, as all remembered that "thirty days hath September, April, June and November."

OF the many thousands of photograps of the German Emperor which are shown all over the world, there is not one which shows him smiling. It is said that he considers such a pose as being beneath the Imperial dignity. Apropos of this, says M.A.P., there is a story just current in Berlin of a camera artist who was summoned to Potsdam recently to take a picture of the Kaiser. The photograph was taken, and in due time proofs were submitted to the Emperor, who at once ordered the artist to destroy the negatives. It transpired that, when the photographer requested his Royal sitter to turn his head a little on one side, the Kaiser smiled, and the proofs showed a suspicion of the smile.

Japan is establishing commercial bureaus and museums throughout the Far East. There are now about forty of these, including many in Japan. One is located in Korea, another at Singapore, and a third at Bombay. Similar museums have been started in Hankow, Chungking, Shasi, and elsewhere in China, and one was recently opened in Bangkok. Of the local institutions, the largest are in the big cities of Tokio and Osaka. The Tokio museum fills nearly all of a large three-storey building, and it has about 25,000 samples of foreign and native made goods. It contains all kinds of foreign raw materials and manufactured products, shown side by side with those of Japan. There are large displays of machinery and electrical works of home manufacturers, and of all sorts of metal articles from aluminum to iron.

Major L. W. V. Kennon, of the United States army, in building the famous Benguet road through the mountains of Northern Luzon, Philippine Islands, performed a feat that had been pronounced impossible. Major Kennon set an army of 4,000 native road-builders at work on this highway, but the men did not relish this sort of labor. One day the resourceful major assembled his band, a heterogeneous musical organization, and moved it quietly and secretly to a place where several hundred Philipinos were drilling holes in the rocks of the canon. A favorite oriental air was played, and soon all the men were beating time with their drills. The plan worked so well that the band after that followed the native gangs regularly. Major Kennon says by this means thousands of dollars were saved by the extra work done.

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Don't hesitate to come in and look at the pretty things in our New Wall Papers. Our stock offers the greatest variety of patterns and colorings for every purpose; no other s so broad in its scope nor so valuable to those who wish to keep in touch with all that is new and most interesting in Wall Papers.
Estimates furnished for painting and decorating in all its branches at short notice.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

We believe that it is not sufficient for a restaurant to provide good food. Pleasant surroundings play an important part in the enjoyment of a meal. The ST. CHARLES combines these two features in a way which insures complete satisfaction.
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

THE "SAVOY"
(Yonge and Adelaide Streets)
Candies—Best quality Chocolates and Bon Bons, Marshmallows, Cream Wafers, Caramels, Salted Almonds, etc., fresh from our factory, every day.
Soda Fountains—Delicious Ice Creams, Frappes, Sundaes, Sodas, Parfaits, and Ices.
Japanese Tea Rooms—Afternoon Teas, Coffee, Cocoa, Luncheons, etc.
Special Lunch—Every day 12 till 2 for busy people and shoppers. Prompt service, moderate prices.
Open Evenings till 11 o'clock.

Popular Spring Style
FOR MEN

Handsome low shoe, Blucher Model, in Tan, Calf or Patent Colt. Price $5.00.
SHOWN BY
H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.
"The store that fits the foot."

When It's Diamonds
of which you are thinking, associate the firm of John Wanless & Co. with all that's best in these gems.
Wanless & Co.
Toronto's Oldest Jewelers
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

SPRING NEGLIGE SHIRTS
We have just received a large shipment of imported negligee shirts, best English makes in materials of Scotch Zephyrs, Oxfords and Egyptian clothe.
These comprise the very newest designs and you can save from 75c. to $1.25 on the ordinary custom made shirts.
Buy an imported shirt and you have plenty of room in the body, a guaranteed fit and the finish and wear cannot be equalled.
A good selection English Oxfords, $1.25 each.
Scotch Zephyrs, fine range patterns, $1.50 each.
Better lines $2.00 and $2.50 each.
We shall be pleased to have you call at your earliest convenience and look through our ranges.
WREYFORD & CO., 85 KING ST. WEST
HIGH CLASS MEN'S WEAR.

INVESTMENTS
suitable for
Trustees and Executors
Correspondence invited.

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
7 King St. East, Toronto

ASSETS $3,143,485
CAPITAL (authorized) $2,500,000
CAPITAL (paid up) $1,500,000
RESERVE FUND $1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO
DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

Life Department
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON
Toronto General Agents.

GENERAL Accident FIRE and Life ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED
Capital £1,000,000

CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Chairman
D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Chairman
T. H. HALL, Manager
Toronto Agents:
SZELISKI & McLEAN,
22 Toronto St.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
Quarterly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for three months ending the 31st of May, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.
Toronto, April 21st, 1909.

WEEK-END TRIPS

Are always looked forward to by those who enjoy a short outing after their week's work is over. Commencing Saturday, May 1, the Grand Trunk Railway System will issue return tickets at single fare with ten cents added to a great many points in Ontario, good going Saturday or Sunday, valid returning Monday following date of issue. For full information call at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

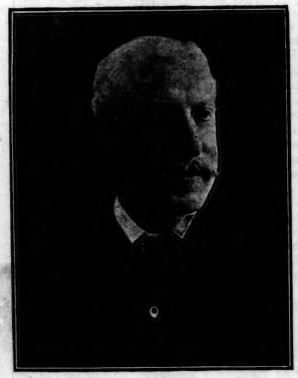
Montreal, April 29, 1909.

WILL someone who knows the ins and outs of that John Black mining deal, and who is as truthful as a mining man can be expected to be, please take one pace forward and relate the spicy details? What was the game anyway? The public would like to hear all about it for the public would quit work any day to swap yarns about other people's affairs. Besides, from the look of things, the public, at this particular juncture, needs education on mining matters generally, and mining promotion, in particular, in the very worst way; and this seems to be an occasion which would furnish a valuable object lesson.

⁂

Some Sold Out.

First, then, which of those diametrically opposite reports of the meeting is to be believed. On the one hand, a report appears to the effect that, at the initial meeting of directors and shareholders of the John Black Mining Co., held here last week, the president and others of the syndicate which furnished the money for the purchase of the properties wanted to see the title deeds thereto. They also wanted to know from whom the properties were purchased and how much was paid for them. Upon John Black, vice-president, refusing to grant these requests, President James Oliver refuses to sign the financial statement. Then John Black and the secretary, offer to resign, but they don't resign. Later, John Black offers to buy out the dissatisfied members of the directorate, paying them 20c. each for the stock which cost them 10c.; five of those to whom the offer is open promptly accept and retire from the meeting.



MR. WILLIAM McMASTER.

Mr. McMaster is a prominent member of the Dominion Iron and Steel Directorate and it was largely through his technical knowledge of the business that this corporation was able to pull through its crisis of a few years ago.

⁂

The Second Story.—Hearken, now, to the other side of the story. John Black gives an interview to the press, in which he states that the directors have all examined the deeds in question and that these deeds have always been available to them. They could have seen them at the meeting had they so desired. Not only was access to the deeds not refused at the meeting, but the deeds were not even asked for. And as to the refusal of the president to sign the financial statement, that official signed the statement on April 8th. That's a pretty circumstantial denial; manifestly there was perfect harmony at the meeting. Apparently a busybody had also been insinuating that some of the ore, which was being shown as coming from the John Black Mine, came from somewhere else, and John Black brands the insinuator as untruthful and inspired with ulterior motives and a desire to "knock the property." He then says that he took over, from the dissatisfied element, 121,500 shares, at a profit of 100 per cent. to them. Thus, all is again quiet along the Potomac.

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Paid 10c; Charged 50c.

So, after all, there *was* a fight; upon this point, at least, both reports agree. Now, what was it about? John Black, himself, says it was neither over the deeds nor over the signing of the financial statement; and it is fair to assume that no one would be bothered fighting over the question of whom the claims were purchased from. Then, was it over the question of how much John Black had paid for the claims? This seems to have been the only other point brought up at the meeting, and one can easily imagine circumstances under which a question of that nature might lead to complications. Apparently, the syndicate began to have suspicions that they hadn't got in on the ground floor. It wasn't enough for them that they had capitalized at $1,500,000 a few properties for which they had paid but $90,000, and had already actually succeeded in disposing of 1,070,000 shares to 130 shareholders, and that these shares were being quoted on the Mining Exchange at 54, asked,—they now wanted to know if they hadn't somehow or other paid too much for these properties. Observe, it wasn't the public they were worrying over. These members of the syndicate were, apparently, hollering because they had paid as high as 10c. per share for the stock, although they had charged the public 50c. The shares, if you will, were worth all the public was paying for them. There is no intention to dispute that—but when those directors got the chance to take 20c. they just grabbed the money and ran.

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Mining Promotion.

Here we have the history of mining promotion, just as it takes place every day—when the promoters have luck. Pooled shares, such as promoters generally get, are not, it is true, worth so much as the liberated scrip which goes to the public; but what the public is concerned in is not which is the more valuable, but by what magical influence a property gets to have an honest value of half a million before the promoters have quite finished paying $90,000 for it,—or $56,000, if it be true that that was all John Black paid for it. Much might be claimed for the added value of the discoveries made upon it, and, of course, every additional discovery has its value, whatever it may be; nevertheless, such discoveries are seldom made, save in imagination, till later on, after development takes place. And as it is generally by virtue of the money of the public that such development takes place, and the details of capitalization and price are settled before the money comes in from the public, the mystery remains as great as ever. The God's truth is that in the ordinary mining promotion, the main difference between the $150,000 company and the $1,500,000 company is that the stenographer strikes the cypher once more and puts the commas in at different places. Not so mysterious after all, is it? All this has nothing whatever to do with the merits of the proposition referred to above.

The John Black Mines may be rich ones, and we all hope they are, just as we all hope the shareholders of these and all other mines will make good money out of their investment. But the question is, what right have they to expect such luck, or, in fact, to be shareholders at all. How much business sense did they exercise when they bought their stocks in whatever mine they may be involved? Does the public know that there is an opportunity to make a choice in mining stocks, now that there are now well-established propositions in Cobalt which are practically as reliable as industrials and giving much better returns, and yet which may be purchased at little more than the untried propositions in the wilds further on? Possibly the new ventures may yet prove as good as the proven ones. But the shareholder's crime is that he doesn't insist in getting in at a proper figure; the fool pays as much as if he were getting something more than a gamble. The whole thing is a reflection on his intelligence. How long, think you, promoters and syndicates would line along the bridge angling for suckers if the suckers wouldn't bite. Well, motto: "The man who mouths the bait is the man this be their kindergarten who gets the hook."

⁂

Toronto, April 29.

SOME interesting evidence has come out this week regarding the methods practised by stock brokers in the prosecution of their daily business. A client of one of these houses, no doubt goaded by recent losses, is after the broker to discover the whereabouts of stock bought on margin. A suspicion seems to exist that no direct loan was made to the brokers on this particular security, and that if a loan was made it was on mixed collateral, in which the stock in question was not recognizable. The common practice is that loans are made from the banks and other loaning institutions in bulk, the individual loans on clients' securities being of rare occurrence. Reputable brokers gave evidence to this effect. For instance, Mr. E. B. Osler, the senior member of Osler & Hammond, testified as to the common usage of brokers in obtaining loans on mixed collateral in which no ear-marking of securities takes place. He stated, however, that it was not the custom of brokers to borrow from the bank more than the amount owed on the stock by the customers.

It has always been contended by stock brokers that their business was practically the same with regard to speculation in stocks as was the investments in real estate. But there is a difference. The operator in real estate, even if he buys on margin—which is practically the same thing as mortgaging his property—takes full possession and manages his property as he sees fit. On the other hand, a person buying securities, and putting up a margin of say 10 to 20 per cent., has really no control over his shares beyond the privilege to sell them. In many cases the stock broker is not a substantial man. He is obliged to pledge most of the securities bought for clients, and the broker, as well as the customer, is at the mercy of the company or individual who lends on the stocks. Instances have not been rare in Toronto where the broker has failed and a client has taken up stock, paying more for it than he really owed. This was due to the fact that the broker had received more money on the stock from the bank or lending corporation than the customer was owing the broker. An out-and-out investment in bonds or stock is another matter. The investor gets his scrip, and puts it in his strong-box; but in a speculative deal the buyer does not get anything tangible—only a broker's note—and assumes another risk aside from the movement of the security.

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What Stocks Yield.

Quite a number of new high-record prices for the year have taken place in securities the past week. In most of these cases the strength was due to the great scarcity of the floating supply. There is really no inducement to sell with the present easy condition of the money market. Loans on stocks are obtainable at 4 to 4 1-2 per cent., and strictly call loans are even said to be obtainable under 4 per cent. At current prices there are a lot of pretty good issues that can be bought which would give a better venture than the rates quoted. The greatest gain during the week was in Canadian General Electric common stock. For the past year, which was not one of the best from a business standpoint, the statement showed earnings to be greater than the 7 per cent., which was paid shareholders. The stock, however, at 121, after an advance of six or seven points, would return the investor over 5 3-4 per cent. per annum. Another stock which has become prominent in speculation is Northern Navigation. It has good connections with the Grand Trunk, and also a large independent lake trade. There is hardly any doubt about earning its 8 per cent. dividend, and at 114 will yield 7 per cent. Sao Paulo has shown more strength of late, although net earnings for March were a little disappointing, inasmuch as they showed a decrease as compared with last year. This stock at 153, and paying 10 per cent., yields over 6 1-2 per cent. per annum. The gross earnings of Toronto Railway last week were hardly as favorable, yet they were more than $2,000 in excess of the same week of last year. At 124, the return on the investment is over 5 1-2 per cent. per annum. Canada Permanent Mortgage continues to hold well after an exceptional advance in the past four months. At current prices it yields 4.90 per cent. Mackay made a new high point for the year, 79, and at that price the yearly yield is over 5 per cent.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that A Dividend of Two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 31st of May, (being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the first of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to 31st May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
J. TURNBULL,
Hamilton, 13th April, 1909. General Manager.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Special facilities for
COLLECTIONS
Agents in every Banking Town in Canada and correspondents throughout the world.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Capital (authorized) - -	$6,000,000
Capital (paid up) - - -	$2,200,000

Our facilities for collecting and remitting money should be employed by all business men to whom promptness is a consideration.

Toronto Office - - - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Money Transferred by Telegraph or Cable | Toronto Office 48 Yonge St. | Foreign Money Bought and Sold

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,277,404.49

One Dozen Slices of Toast For Half a Cent

That is the average cost of making toast on an electrical toaster at your breakfast table. And such delicious toast can not be made over any kitchen fire where gases saturate the bread and fire is uneven.

Housewives should not neglect visiting our showrooms and seeing for themselves how easily toast can be made with one of these toasters and how delicious it is.

Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited
12 ADELAIDE ST. East

IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"
BEETHAM'S La-rola
SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.
It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

WE offer well seasoned First Mortage 5 per cent. Bonds at attractive prices. We invite inquiry.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
BOND DEALERS MONTREAL

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 75.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 30th April, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Offices and Branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st day of May next.

The Tranfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th April, both days inclusive.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday, the 26th May, 1909, the Chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.
Toronto, Ont., 24th March, 1909.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

When all kinds of bread are for your choosing you will surely select the best.

But do you really know which is the best?

Bredin's breads are guaranteed to be pure and sweet, because they are made of finest wheat flour and with great care. Don't you think they must be the "best" with that for a recommendation—as well as the fact that thousands of loaves are used daily by families in the city?

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops. 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas streets. Phone Parkdale 1585.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WEEK-ENDS OUT OF TOWN

Get the week-end habit! There are innumerable charming resorts and towns within easy and inexpensive reach of Toronto, by taking advantage of our special

SATURDAY TO MONDAY RATES

Return tickets at 10c. over single fare, good going all trains Saturday and Sunday, returning all trains Monday, on sale every week-end.

MAY 1ST TO OCTOBER 31ST at C. P. R. ticket offices.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FAST DAILY SERVICE

Leave Toronto 9 a.m.
Arrive Montreal 6 p.m.
Leave Toronto 10.15 p.m.
Arrive Montreal 7.40 a.m.

ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

WEEK-END TRIPS AT LOW RATES

To a great many points. Good going May 1st or 2nd. Returning May 3rd.

Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

Nanton Court

Nanton Crescent, Rosedale

The most complete and best finished 4, 5 and 6-room housekeeping apartments in Toronto. Suites from $30.00 to $60.00. For particulars apply to Janitor on the premises.

Phone Nanton Court, North 1790.

THE MAN WHO TREKKED EASTWARD

A Narrative with a Moral.

By L. A. W.

YOU have heard the story of The Man Who Went West—a time-worn one—but did you ever get in personal touch with a live man who came East? Well, that's the way I travelled. I think I'm the only specimen extant. I'm a curiosity even to myself. I often stand off and look at myself and wonder how I did it. My wonder increases when I allow my mind to dwell upon the last two weeks—those long two weeks after my friends began to realize that someone they knew was actually returning to "the cent belt."

On long, dull, early mornings when the rain is pattering against the windows, reminding me that I am in the lacrimose East, I throw American beauties at myself for keeping my Western friends in the dark so long about my intention of forsaking the pulpit of the prairies, so to speak, and resuming the collection plate of the East. With the license of one who is afraid to sign his name I may explain an obtuse metaphor by saying that every man in the West is a preacher by all his instincts; in the East the same man merely passes the plate. Like the modern minister the Westerner does not neglect the financial end of his religion. He knows the intimate connection between a good sermon and a full plate—which means a double incentive to an attractively-presented gospel. But I've left the pulpit, as I said before.

My friends called it terrible. At least that is about all they said about it that would stand publicity. To be sure the friends who confined themselves in this circumspect manner were also numerically confined. My Western friends knew me well enough to express their feelings in language that came more fluently. It was too fluent for reproduction—and a lot of it too true for me to think of a second time. That was one entertaining quality in my prairie friends, and my only consolation was in thinking that Damon and Pythias always act that way in the modern West. I have sometimes worried under the fleeting thought that my friends were particularly fortunate in having a special audience to attract their entertaining qualities, but I always get after that thought with running shoes and it has improved my night's rest to think that I never succeeded in nailing it. I remember one of these friends continuing the entertainment by answering a remark of mine of this kind by saying that perhaps a single thought got lost in all that space or perhaps my running shoes didn't fit.

Well, if I can't put down the soul-stirrings of my friends, it isn't likely I'm going to chronicle the descriptive outpourings of my most versatile enemies. You can't spell a laugh, and that's what most of them did—one of those mirthless, embarassing laughs which are more smile than laugh and which consist largely of an elevated mouth corner and sideward glance—the kind you used to get slammed for by your big brother when you were afraid to call him names or punch him and you felt you had to make him mad somehow.

My thoughtfulness in delaying the announcement of my departure would, with the experience I have gained from that next two weeks, have amounted to a midnight flit in disguise; but I calculated that a robust constitution might endure a fortnight of discussion by Western friends. Only perfect rest in all the peace of an Ontario village will save the insurance companies.

The first friend to whom I confided my departure for the last asked me how long a holiday I intended to take. The second having the advantage of a more distinct statement merely smiled and gave the impression of being a wise old bird. The third looked frightened, and I knew reports of hereditary insanity would thereafter make me a marked man. The next two sympathized with me, and the remainder of my speaking list used bad language. I had begun to fear I was going to get out without making anybody believe it until a happy thought struck me.

I began to collect my bills.

In the West when any man begins to push his collections he is getting out of town—no other man would dare do it. Nobody collects money out there as long as he desires to remain on speaking terms with the town. You don't pay good money for anything. You simply carry away a little bill from the stores and throw it in the gutter. When the bill comes, some time during the next six months possibly, you lose it. It's awfully easy to do—go West and try it. If the merchant comes to collect you simply promise to pay next week—that's on his first call. On his second appearance the same promise is invariably acceptable. Just as long as this will do it's the easiest way to pay; when it ceases to prove effective you get indignant. A few questions as to whether he doubts your honesty, or fears you aren't worth it will fix things up. Then the same night you go down and order a half dozen bottles of Queen olives, a bunch of bananas (60 cents a doz.) and enough provisions to keep the house a month. At the end of that time the merchant will be so thoroughly weighted down with the loss of your business that he will have his wife ask yours over to tea or he will nominate you for mayor. Then you can stock up once more.

When the pay-next-week excuse failed at its first appearance, then, and not till then did they begin to believe that I was contemplating a hasty removal. Some of them even paid up in the extremity of their surprise—which surprised us both.

The fact that any man should return East acquired a position in everyday town gossip that supplanted temporarily rumors of the latest industry to be established, and crop records were entirely crowded out. Had my ambitions been for notoriety I must have been satisfied. Traffic stopped as I passed down the street and gimlet glances pierced all down my back. The man who had cleared ten thousand dollars on a land deal had to retire in confusion as a street attraction. The school-children stopped and gazed in my face in open-mouthed wonder. The local paper omitted all mention of the terrible thing happening in town but reproduced complete Phamphlet Number 4, prepared by the Publicity Commissioner under the excitement of the moment. The local card parties were deprived of my presence through an omission of the hostess and a banquet to celebrate the visit of an Eastern manufacturer was known to me only through the paper. I now know what it must feel like to have escaped the penalty of matricide through a technicality. However, I took tonics freely and managed to present an unrepentant front.

It was to bring home to me a due sense of my conduct that I was waited upon one morning by a formidable deputation. This body of men was the same that entertains the Duke of York and leads the rooting at a baseball match. It also issues pamphlets on agriculture, declares public holidays about seven times a month, alters the weather reports, judges the horse races and holds up the Government. Accordingly it was competent to handle my case. Its very appearance took the starch out of me. It consisted of the Mayor, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Booster's Club, the President of the Agricultural Society, the Publicity Commissioner, the editor of the paper and two leading real estate men. The personel of the deputation never changed from year to year. The first four merely shuffled up their offices each year in a hat and drew for the coming year. The last four retained their positions permanently, the Publicity Commissioner because as chief prevaricator about the town's advantages his position called for what might be called skilled labor. The editor was the only man in town with nerve enough to put into print these prevarications. No one ever suggested that the real estate men relinquish such a money-making business. Occasionally a bank manager was one of the deputation, but since none of the institutions mentioned happened to owe him money at that time I was denied the privilege of a repetition of "Byron Walker on the West."

The Mayor opened the game for the same reason that Mayor Oliver will throw the first ball when the baseball season opens. His formal ball, "How are you?" I fanned at in my most artistic manner and with a welcoming smile that included even the real estate men and savored of "beer-all-'round." Then, as befitted the standing of a man whose utterances had been distributed throughout the United States, Great Britain, Germany and several other countries hitherto struggling along without an intimate acquaintance with our town, the Publicity Commissioner went into the box. His first ball was a wide one: "Fine weather we're having."

I almost stepped across the plate to meet it. But with a desire to give the spectators their money's worth I merely asked them to sit down. I tried to get near the door but the P. C. (life's to short) had had men try to evade him before and he wasn't drawing his money without showing the gentlemen how he earned it. His next was an in-shoot, one of the kind you have to handle quickly or take it in the ribs: "We hear you have said that you intend to leave our city and go East."

"Yes, that's what I'm doing." By the look on their faces I could see that I had been too confident of that delivery and had one strike registered against me.

"Do you mean to say that you will leave this city, the Hub of the West, destined to be the Chicago of Western Canada, the greatest wheat district in the world, and this country, 'the home of freedom, and free homesteads, of opulence in five years' (quoted from Pamphlet, Number 3) for the—the—the East?" At last he got it out and the effort quite exhausted him.

I could feel this ball winding all around me. It made me dizzy to watch it, and I knew I couldn't do much with it, but hit feebly at it. "Well, you see," I said, and I felt my knees steadying: "you see there are times when one can't help it. Much as I love the city and recognize in it 'the foundation for a greater than has been' (from Pamphlet Number 1) there are circumstances that compel my return." I started to run for first I was so sure I had made a hit, but the spectators yelled 'foul ball, strike two,' and my knees weakened again."

We are pleased, indeed, to know that you are aware of what you lose." It was a lob and I hit too fast at it to make a good one.

"Yes, you may be sure I wouldn't leave unless I had to." It was a dinky hit and rolled slowly towards the box. I ran for my life and because the pitcher fielded it too slowly I was safe on first.

They pestered me all around the bases with leading questions, and I was nearly caught napping several times. They asked me where I was going, if I intended to return, how much money I had made, what I was going to do.

Then with me perched on third and badly winded with my dodging back and forward, the P. C. bluntly threw to third to catch me. "Now you haven't told us just why you are leaving."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm going back to get the money to start a big industry here." And while they looked admiringly at each other and the P. C. made a note, I sneaked for the plate.

It was because I sneaked home that I left town three days ahead of the time I had announced, that I proceeded via the back streets to take a daybreak train. For the same reason I am not signing my name to this—that and because I haven't yet secured the money to start that big industry, which in the absence of the capital has not yet been selected. In the meantime the run doesn't count. If I ever go to the West again I'm going to leave it yesterday.

P.S. I didn't finish my collecting.

Mme. Tetrazzini has been bereaved. Her six-ounce Mexican dog, for which she paid nearly $200 only a week or so ago, is dead. There seems no good reason for this sudden demise except the fact that its mistress had named it "Salome." That was certainly a heavy handicap for so small a dog.

Says The New York Post: "What this country seems to need is less unwritten and more unbroken law."

AN ANCESTOR, THE MAN OF TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Mr. Kupka's reconstruction of the prehistoric cave-man whose skull was found in the Department of Corrèze. M. Emile Derre has reconstructed the same man, and it is thought that his work—here reproduced—will cause a sensation at the Paris Salon.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

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Price, 3-for-50c.

Ask Your Haberdasher

Some daily care your Teeth must have.

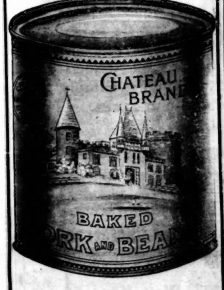
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder

the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.

The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester St. West, Montreal.



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Nothing offers a more delicious or more appetizing meal than a tin of Chateau Brand Baked Beans, either plain or with tomato sauce.

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SOUTH AMERICA, September 4, $1675

The Collver Tours are in a class apart. Mention the Itinerary Desired.

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428 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, April 27, 1909.

THE smuggling operations which have been uncovered at this port this past week are causing considerable uneasiness among firms interested, as well as among some of their wealthy patrons. Names have not yet been made public, but the matter is now before the Grand Jury and indictments may be returned any day. One prominent Fifth avenue firm is persistently mentioned. The operations have been on a very large scale, it seems, and could only be possible through extensive collusion. The plan was this. Dressmakers would make their purchases abroad and have them sent to the Paris agency of the Fifth avenue concern. There they were packed in ordinary travelling trunks and, labelled with the names of prominent New Yorkers, would be shipped as "left over" baggage. The steamer manifest would show that they were being returned to this side to be claimed by their owners on arrival. $100,000 worth of gowns are said to have been seized in one shipment. These are to be sold at public auction in a few days.

* * *

THE annual banquet of the Canadian Club of New York is down for May 14 at the Hotel Astor. The array of speakers from the Canadian side is formidable in numbers only. It seems unfortunate that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Governor-General cannot be secured for a representative Canadian affair of this kind. It might very suitably be an annual occasion for the exchange of international courtesies—the promotion of the *entente cordiale*. New York is the logical place for such an affair, and the Canadian Club the logical and only medium. There is no doubt that the presence of Sir Wilfrid and Earl Grey in their representative capacity would insure the attendance of President Taft. Such an arrangement would give dignity to Canada and bring honor to the Club. Hon. George E. Foster, Sir James Whitney, D. C. Fraser and others proposed are second-rate politicians in comparison.

* * *

THE competition in naval armaments between England and Germany, seems to have gotten on the nerves of the official Peace Arbiter of the World; to wit, the Laird of Skibo. He seems to regard it almost as a personal menace to his peace programme. The garrulous little man with libraries to give away has been humored so long that opposition frets him. Besides to have one's own way is an acknowledged perquisite of the rich. Mr. Carnegie has definite plans for a peace millennium and will brook no delay. The other week I wrote you that he had been entertaining us with his views on this subject of militarism, bluntly laying the blame for current activity to the "fatuous blunder" of the English government in building a Dreadnought. Alone with his criticism he offered some practical suggestions which the nations concerned seem not even to have officially acknowledged. The public and press received them with amused cynicism. Now, through his Peace Society, he makes a piteous appeal to his President to interfere.

> Resolved: That we earnestly hope that the President of our Republic, whose peace-loving Congress has repeatedly refused to build more than one half of the battleships asked for by the executive, may find it advisable..... to exert his vast influence to avert either of the two alternatives.

The alternatives being to increase armaments correspondingly or become practically defenceless.

* * *

THE women have been quick to see the inconsistency of their campaign for separate cars in the Subway just at this juncture. One cannot ask for equality and privileges in the same breath—not even her privileged highness, Woman. Perhaps her path would be clearer all the way through if she could make up her mind which of these it is she really wants. But this is aside. The separate car experiment has not been a success. Its general adoption is not wanted and all our chivalry in the matter has been misplaced. Day after day at rush hours we have seen women and girls hustled and jostled and mercilessly jammed into subway trains. We have seen them wedged into uncomfortable and, as we thought, indecent proximity to male passengers, who made the most of the enforced juxtaposition. Our chivalrous instincts cried out against the whole thing until finally the separate car idea was evolved. The McAdoo tunnel at once put the plan into execution, reserving the rear car for women. The Interborough demurred and the Public Service Commission was appealed to.

And now comes the Equality League of Self-Supporting Women 22,000 strong, composed of shop girls and working women, to say that they do not want separate cars. Objections many and ingenious are urged. They would impose worse conditions than now exist, the League says. Women are not as considerate to women, we also learn, and "We will not be as well treated in the women's cars as we are at present." Moreover men will not be as willing to relinquish their seats if women have cars of their own. And then, in that charming ever-present spirit of sacrifice—that maternal spirit that constantly broods over hapless mankind—they fear that without their refining presence the "men's cars will degenerate into places for smoking and spitting." They say: "It is to save the better class of men from these conditions that we are opposing separate cars." And then, suppose there was a rear end collision!

* * *

THE Shrubb-St. Yves race run on Saturday night demonstrated conclusively that the Marathon wonder is no match for the Englishman at fifteen miles, at least not as the Englishman ran that race. Shrubb made the most of his superior speed in the early stages of the race, covering the first mile in 4.54 and gaining a lap within three miles. Two laps had been gained before the eighth was reached. The Frenchman could not travel as fast at this stage, try as he would. Having gained this lead, Shrubb was content to jog along beside his rival at little better than a Marathon pace for the rest of the journey. His tactics proved to be entirely right, for when the little Frenchman finally let himself out in the thirteenth mile, he gained several yards on his rival. In fact St. Yves seems to run faster the farther he goes. Shrubb had moments of even greater speed even then and once or twice drew well up on his opponent. But he was either tired or else did not try to hold the pace. The race was his and there was no need for extra exertion. He sprinted across the line an easy winner by a third of a mile. The time, 1.26:12, though two minutes and sixteen seconds faster than his time with Longboat, is still comparatively slow compared to Appleby's record of 1.20:04. However, there is no doubt that Shrubb could have cut down the time considerably had he been pressed. Before the race it was announced that Appleby would challenge the winner.

The attendance was excellent, 10,000 people braving a comparatively chilly night in the open air. The stands were comfortable, however, and the green paddock was well lighted with acetylene gas lamps, which circled the track. The race was the prettiest seen here since the Longboat-Dorando event.

* * *

COMING to theatrical happenings, "The Gay Life" of Roy L. McCardell, proved a sad sort of affair, and one week served to bring its melancholy career to a close. This will be replaced at Daly's by Edward Locke's "The Climax," a very different piece which has been running as an occasional matinee for a week or two.

The most important announcement of the week is the opening of Olga Nethersole's season in a modern play, "The Writing on the Wall," by W. J. Hurlburt. This is said to be a highly emotional vehicle, and to provide this actress with a part admirably suited to her well known talents. Let us hope it is also worthy of them.

Mr. Laurence Irving and his wife, Mabel Hackney, will also this week give two matinee performances of "The Incubus," a translation of one of Eugene Brieux's plays. The story goes to prove that "unlawful ties" may grow to be more irksome and harder to loose than "lawful bonds." The presence of the distinguished son of a distinguished actor is an event of itself.

J. E. W.

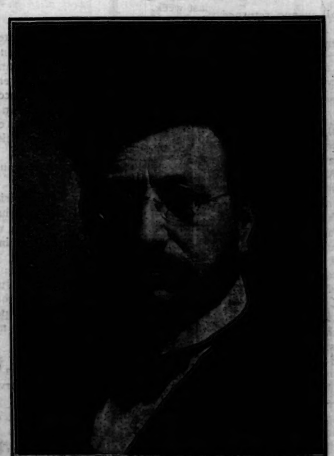
Relics of Stuart Days.

A CURIOUS relic was included in the property bequeathed by the late Mr. Horace Wilkinson, the "father" of the London Stock Exchange, whose will has just passed probate. This was "the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell," and it was left to the testator's son as an heirloom. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the authenticity of the relic, which seems to be very questionable, and the subject has drawn attention to remains which have been the object of diligent solicitude on the part of the Royal Family. Certain relics, believed to be parts of the body of King Charles I., were restored to their right resting-place by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., as recently as 1888; and a number of bones said to belong to the body of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the beheaded sovereign, were deposited in the little Princess's grave in St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, I.W., a few years ago at the instance of Princess Henry of Battenberg. They had been presented as gifts for a Stuart Museum. Princess Elizabeth was found dead in Carisbrook Castle in 1650, with her hands resting on a Bible, which had been her father's last gift to her. Queen Victoria in 1856 erected a memorial to the hapless royal maiden in the place of her interment, with a simple and dignified inscription very characteristic of the style of the late Queen.

The Chauffeur Enjoyed Himself.

THERE is one prominent city official in Toronto who is not enamored of the automobile, or at least of the land-pirates who "chauff" them. Last summer he invested the sum of something like $4,500 in a machine and as he was living at the Island for the summer months the car was only requisitioned at limited intervals during the day. The chauffeur would meet him at the boat in the morning and take him to where he wanted to go—for he is an official whose activities cover a great deal of ground. About four in the afternoon the auto would deliver him at the wharf and, he supposed, retire to its garage. Along about the month of November after he had come back to live in the city he received a bill for gasolene and repairs that fairly exceeded the original cost of the machine. The owner went up in the air. There were numerous items for replacement of tires at $90 a tire. There were innumerable gallons of gasolene, and many other inexplicable incidentals. On investigation he found that all the five months of the golden summer the enterprising chauffeur had, literally speaking, been running the machine off its feet. At the fee of three dollars per hour he had been recklessly running the car until about two o'clock in the morning. Now the official acts as his own chauffeur.

The other day at the auction rooms of the Glendining Company, of Argyll street, London, Eng., a Victoria Cross was sold for £45. The decoration was granted to the mother of Trooper Baxter, of the Bulawayo Field Force, who did not live to receive his reward for heroism in the field on April 22, 1896, when he dismounted and gave his horse to a wounded comrade who was being pursued by the enemy.



MR. LOUIS F. POST.

This gentleman is editor of "The Public," Chicago, and is also the author of "The Ethics of Democracy" and other works. Mr. Post is an ardent advocator of Single Tax, and will, on next Tuesday evening, address the Toronto Single Tax Association. He will also speak before the members of the Toronto Press Club.

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MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $5.52 per half-doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.

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IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE engagement is announced of Mrs. Alice Lumbers, youngest daughter of Mr. Logan, Deputy Warden, Central Prison, and Mr. Clarence Herbert McArthur, son of Mrs. John McArthur, Crescent Road. Their wedding will take place in June.

Among the engagements I am asked to announce this week are Miss Olive Smith's to Mr. D. C. Cotton, Miss Olive Irene Sheppard's to Mr. Charles Rothwell Palmer, Miss Marion Louise Wilson's, (A.T.C.M.), to Mr. Lawrence J. Lugsdin, and Miss May Sales to Mr. William Frederick Thomas. The four young couples will be married next month.

Very fascinating picture postals have reached me from Miss Cornelia Heintzman, who is with her parents in Italy and from Mr. Ransome, who is touring in China and Japan.

Miss Jessie Moberly, of Collingwood, is visiting Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, who is giving a dinner in her honor this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid's new home in Wychwood Park was besieged by hundreds of their friends and admirers on Wednesday afternoon, the sunny bracing day making a jaunt into the suburbs most enjoyable, and the very interesting exhibition of Mr. Reid's Quebec Tercentenary pictures being an attraction within doors, in addition to the always charming hospitality of these two earnest followers of the beautiful. Mrs. Reid received in the livingroom which is panelled with some beautiful pictures, and from which a fascinating small diningroom opens, in reproduction of the home in Indian Road. There a cosy teatable, centered with a bowl of huge ox eye daisies, was presided over by Mrs. Du Vernet and Mrs. Eden Smith, and several girl assistants. Mrs. Reid wore a sage voile gown with rich cream lace and satin, and a beautiful enamelled art jewel. In the huge inner apartment which is an ideal studio, the large picture of the galley "Don de Dieu" with Champlain aboard, passing Diamond Cape in the St. Lawrence, and surrounded by swarms of feather-crowned Indians in their birch canoes, was the cynosure of all eyes. Various small studies of figures and groups of Tercentenary people were on the wall and easel, and here and there a pretty dame who had taken part in last summer's pageant, was heard recognising and criticising the pictures. A few of the great number of guests were Lady Edgar, Colonel and Miss Biscoe, Professor and Mrs. Keyes, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone, Miss Jean Mortimer Clark, Mr. Crookshanks, Mr. Gagen, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mrs. and Miss Estelle Kerr, Mrs. and Miss Isabel Jackson, Miss Holland, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mr. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, Miss Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Crooks, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Folkes, Mr. and Mrs. Alward, Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, Miss Jessie Moberly, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Dr. and Mrs. Playfair McMurrich, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Flavelle, Mrs. Burns, Miss Curlette, Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson, Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. and Miss Meta Cross, Miss Blackstock, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Miss Tully, Miss Hagarty, Miss Brock, Mrs. Spencer, Miss Christie, Miss Wood, Miss Neelands, Mr. Du Vernet, Miss Yarker, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Miss Macdonal, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Eden Smith, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr. Payne, Mr. Wyly Grier, Mr. Byron Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Guest, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hunter, Mrs. and Miss Alexander, Miss Wyndeatt, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Miss Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Burnett.

The welcome news that one of the Toronto contestants for the Governor-General's trophy had succeeded in carrying it off was received on Tuesday, and very warm congratulations were offered to the company headed by Mr. Beverley Robinson on their victory. Winnipeg with its breezy play "The Release of Allen Danvers" captured the trophy on the first occasion, three seasons ago; last year, Ottawa, with "The Fire of St. Martin," and Mrs. W. Edgar's perfect acting, was victorious and now it is Toronto's turn to show its quality in what was called by the judge a better presentation of Candida than Arnold Daly gave in New York. The victorious company will play here again and everyone will be on the *qui vive* to see them, not only because they won the trophy for Toronto, but as a real treat in artistic acting.

Mrs. Catt is the president of the World's Congress of the International Woman's Suffrage Association. "We're waking men up!" chirps one of the officers. Well, there'll probably be showers of boot-jacks, bottles and tin cans.

Mrs. Howard Vander Linde, Tyndall avenue, returned to Toronto recently. She has been in Arizona and other places for some months, but will spend the summer in town.

Miss Steers, of New York, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stephen Monahan in Breadalbane street.

The marriage of Miss Florence Lillian McGlashan and Mr. Norman Baldwin Stark was solemnized in Christ church, Niagara Falls, the Dean of Niagara, assisted by Rev. William Bevan, of Welland, officiating. An immense bell of white carnations was hung before the chancel and the bridal couple stood beneath it during the ceremony. Mr. Leonard Lee McGlashan brought in his sister and gave her away. She wore an ivory satin Dirctoire gown, with wattean train, profusely trimmed with Irish lace and pearls, with touches of silver. The tulle veil had insets of Irish lace at each corner and the bridal wreath was of orange blossoms and white heather. The boquet was of roses and a shower of lily of the valley. Miss Murlless, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., was maid of honor, in a gown of embroidered net touched with gold, and she wore a poke bonnet of snowdrops, roses and velvet ribbon and carried a rustic basket of Killarney roses. Four bridesmaids attended the bride, the Misses Powis and Armstrong, of Toronto, in trained Empire dresses of yellow satin with Persian embroidery; Miss Rose, of Montreal, and Miss Wallace, of Woodbridge, in Nile green satin, and all wearing tulle picture hats with cowslips, and carrying rustic baskets of daffodils. Mr. James H. Brand, of Montreal, was best man, and the ushers were Colonel Raymond, of Welland, Mr. Harry Kelson, of Toronto, Dr. William C. Wickett, of North Bay, and Mr. William B. Powell, of Galt. After the ceremony the bride and groom held a reception at The Pines, on the River Road, where the house and marquee were a dream of floral beauty, and strung with colored fairy lights. The bride's table of twelve covers was particularly pretty, and quartette tables were arranged for the guests, while an orchestra played during the dejeuner, and afterwards for a jolly dance. Very handsome gifts filled an upper room, and were much admired. Mr. and Mrs. Stark are spending their honeymoon in the South and will return to Toronto to reside.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, Miss Grace Smith had a number of friends to tea at 50 Maitland street, to meet Miss Margaret Vereker. The dainty little hostess wore a smart white embroidered gown, and Miss Vereker was in green and brown. A few of the guests were Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, Mrs. Bertram Bowen, of England, Mrs. George Reeves, Mrs. Leonard Boyd, the Misses Morphy, Mrs. Duckworth and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. Miss Hodder presided at the teatable.

Mrs. Falconer was elected president of the Women's Canadian Club at the first annual meeting last week. Lady Moss accepted the presidency when the Club was formed last year, and presided with perfect tact and dignity.

Mrs. Albert Austin, who has been in St. Thomas on a visit to her mother, is expected home to-day. Mrs. Arthurs is now in Paris with Mrs. Greene, and Mrs. Victor Cawthra. I hear Mrs. Magann is thinking of remaining some time in France, and that Thorncliffe is to be rented. Mrs. Cawthra and Miss Grace Cawthra are also in Paris just now.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are, I am told, planning to return home next month.

Mrs. Lyon (nee Plummer) gave a tea on Tuesday at her home in Rosedale. The unfortunately wet weather on that afternoon interfered with several pleasant festivities.

Mrs. Morrow, of Montreal is visiting her sister, Mrs. Montgomerie Lewis in Crescent Road.

Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt have gone to Virginia Hot Springs.

Mr. Gordon Jones went to New York last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Arthur Meredith and Miss Jean Ramsay are going abroad. Mrs. Cattanach is in London, England. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright are also in London, registered at the Metropole.

Interested listeners to Miss Edith Miller's beautiful singing on Monday night were Dr. and Mrs. Gregory, of Westminster College, in which seat of learning Miss Miller spent some years.

Another London, Ont., wedding which interested some Torontonians took place on Tuesday in St. Luke's church, London, when Helena, youngest daughter of Ven. Archdeacon Richardson was married to Mr. Henry Arthur Kingsmill Drury, C.E., of Winnipeg. The bridal gown of *satin Oriental*, with veil and orange blossoms, and the bridesmaids and maid of honor wore pink gowns. They were Miss Beatrice Richardson, a sister, and the Misses Merritt and Pavey, of London, Dorothy Chipman, of Winnipeg, and Helen Porteous, of Quebec. Mr. H. Porteous, of Montreal, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. James Boucher, Chester Mathewson and Hugh Labatt, of London, and Mr. George Newhall, of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Drury are spending their honeymoon in the States and will make their home in Winnipeg.

Mrs. R. A. Smith, who has been quite an invalid this spring, was able to attend the concert on Monday night with her niece, Miss Jean Milne, and her bright little daughter Ruth.

The marriage of Mr. Frank McFarland, of Toronto, and Miss Pauline Adone, of Galveston, Texas, was quietly celebrated on Wednesday, April 28. Mr. McFarland was accompanied south by Mr. Allen Magee, of Montreal, and Mr. R. Laidlaw, of Toronto.

Mrs. Herman Macdonald, nee Miles, is visiting her mother in Russell street.

Mrs. and Miss Mary Tyrrell returned from Ottawa last week.

The very beautiful and elaborate floral decorations at two out-of-town April weddings, one in Cobourg and the other at Niagara Falls, were arranged and designed by Dunlop's clever manager, and were the admiration of everyone who saw them. Guests accustomed to the lavish and artistic modes of New York in these matters agreed that they had never seen a better effect in Canada than that achieved on these happy occasions.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince have gone to the West Coast.

Judge Finkle's many Toronto friends were very sorry to hear of the accident of which he was the victim last Saturday. It appears that after a visit to Niagara Falls to see the ice-jam, Judge Finkle almost missed his train, and after flinging his bag aboard jumped for the step, slipped, and had four of his toes crushed by the car wheels. Dr. Wilson attended the Judge and found it necessary to amputate the injured toes. Habitues of the May meeting at the Woodbine hope His Honor will be sufficiently recovered to attend the meeting for his genial presence is always welcomed.

Miss Wallace Helliwell is down from Winnipeg on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis.

Mr. Blackstock entertained at dinner at the Hunt Club last Saturday night.

Miss Anderson, Mrs. W. D. Matthew's guest, has returned to England. Mrs. Riddell had a pretty niece, Miss Burns, with her at the concert on Monday evening.

Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Cayley are going to England next month.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LET anyone who is looking for an absorbing bit of light reading that will furnish him with a real good evening's entertainment hie him to a bookstore and buy "The Climbing Courvatels," by Edward W. Townsend. It is a society novel that, in the language of its chief characters, has the Mrs. Humphrey Ward brand of society novel lashed to the mast. The climbing Courvatels are a pair of sleight-of-hand performers, known in private life as Mr. and Mrs. Courtney. They make money and break into society, where they act the part of swells with success as marvellous as that formerly displayed by them on the stage. Mr. Townsend, you will remember, wrote "Chimmie Fadden," and he is a master of slang. "The Climbing Courvatels" is not only an excellent piece of funning, but is full of shrewd philosophy as well, as a few quotations will show. After their first glimpse of the home life of some people of breeding Betty says to Dick:

"Those real things we met to-day don't have to set up a big noise to make people understand that they occupy the head-liners' dressing-rooms. They are head-liners, and they know it; that is the main proposition, and they are satisfied with it as it stands. If there is anyone in front who doesn't know it, it doesn't give the real things any sad thought, because, you see, they don't care a wee penny what is thought of them by anyone except their own class. They never mug to get a laugh on the outside. If they had to dress on their trunks in the property-man's room they'd be to the good just the same as if they had the star's dressing room."

"Say Betty," exclaimed the enlightened Richard, "if you had gone in for playing legitimate parts you would have been in the Eddie Booth class for getting your lines over the footlights. The real things are real because they are, not because the programme says so. Sure!"

The naturalness of folk of leisure puzzles Betty for a while; they are not like society people on the stage. But she is observant.

"There is one thing the plays and stories do not exaggerate," remarked Betty after a pause. "Did you notice the difference in the audience this afternoon when the tip was passed around the picnic ground that we had so much money we had to ask Banker Hall to help us plant it?"

Then Dick and Betty come to this:

"The Hall's colony place will be on the market as soon as they leave for Europe again," she said.

"Yes," he replied. "We could stand the price easily enough. . . . . The point is, could we make good in the repertoire?"

They conclude they will try, and this is Dick's idea of "getting away with it":

"I suppose the main proposition is to forget our slang and learn theirs; to get along with few words and no gestures; never to mug; never to look much bored, or much pleased; never to be loud, dumb, surprised, or indifferent; and to play cards so bum that it nearly gives me the do-dads when I try to think of it."

They do get away with it, and in a way that is well worth reading about.

The book is attractively illustrated in color by J. V. McFall, and is published by The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.

* * *

It is interesting and pleasing to note that there has been an advance sale of over 10,000 copies of the new book of poems by Mr. Robert W. Service, to be issued shortly by his publisher, William Briggs, Toronto. The astonishing success of his first volume, "Songs of a Sourdough," proved as false the old belief that Canadians will not buy Canadian poetry. Over 30,000 copies of this volume were sold, most of them in Canada. Mr. Service's Yukon verse is so fresh and striking in subject-matter and so fine and free in style that it constituted an excellent test of the measure of Canada's literary mind and conscience. And the result has been gratifying. When the goods are delivered, so to speak, the market—a very fair one—is here.

* * *

William Allen White, the celebrated Kansas journalist, and one of the editors of The American Magazine, has ventured into a new field. He has written a novel, called "A Certain Rich Man," which will be published this month by the Macmillan Company. Mr. White's work in the line of fiction has hitherto been confined to short stories. Whatever he writes is exceedingly good, and his novel may be looked forward to with pleasant anticipation.

* * *

William Somerset Maugham is neither a polished nor painstaking writer, but his latest novel, "The Explorer," published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto, is very interesting indeed. The hero is Alec MacKenzie, a young Scotchman of heroic fibre who does a fine piece of exploration work in Africa. The heroine is Lucy Allerton, an admirable, self-reliant English girl, daughter of a country gentleman whose family is remarkable not only for its wealth and pride of lineage, but for its culture and worth. But Fred Allerton is an unworthy descendant of a long line of gently-bred ancestors. He is weak, and develops what is generally termed a yellow streak. He squanders his own property and that of his wife, and in the end brings utter disgrace on his family and

ALFRED NOYES

The most noted of the younger English poets, who comes near to being the most gifted and graceful verse writer of the day, in our language. He has just contributed a volume on William Morris to the English Men of Letters Series.

friends. Lucy then looks earnestly to her young brother to redeem the family honor and estates. At her request MacKenzie takes the youth with him on a dangerous expedition in Africa, to make a man of him. But the boy is like his father, without character, mean and cowardly; and by his cowardice he loses his life. The difficult position in which MacKenzie is placed by his conduct, and the development of the love element of the story are best left for the reader to discover.

* * *

Emerson Hough, the author of "54.40 or Fight," in talking for the press recently indulged in some very good philosophy, and incidentally boosted Canada as a winter resort, although perhaps he did not intend to do so. Mr. Hough says that the trouble with the world is that it is all wrong. For instance, everybody goes South for a vacation in the winter time, whereas everybody ought to go North and try snowshoeing and camping out in the snow. Mr. Hough has proved scientifically that this is the only right way to do, for when he takes his vacation in that way he is the healthiest known man. Life in the city, according to Mr. Hough, is only a compromise. We endure it, but don't thrive under it. The whole theory of education in America today is based on the idea of getting rich and living in a city. When we are educated to get poor, live in the country and take our vacations in the winter time and in the North, we may get on better!

HAL.

Music Notes

AN hour was spent on Monday evening at Mrs. R. J. Dilworth's invitation recital in the Conservatory Music Hall. Mrs. Dilworth has lately returned from a course of study under Mr. Oscar Saenger, of New York; and her many friends availed themselves of this opportunity of acquainting themselves with the result of her work. Mrs. Dilworth sang a programme of much interest and variety, which served to display her well known musicianship and the delightful quality of her voice. The writer heard only the Haydn, Grieg, and Hugo Wolf numbers; and, while it is a far cry from Haydn to Wolf, the singer was fully equal to the demand, and threw herself into the spirit of each with much abandon. Some might have thought that Mrs. Dilworth lavished a little too much sentiment upon "With Verdure Clad." A brighter style and a little acceleration of tempo might have been considered an improvement. Mrs. Dilworth's high sustained pianissimo effects in the Wolf numbers were especially beautiful.

Mrs. Blight and Mr. Atkinson accompanied with entirely satisfactory results. Dr. Frederick Nicolai's first 'cello number, which the writer heard before departing, was the "Andante Symphonique" of D' Erlanger. Dr. Nicolai made the most of what was frankly a rather uninteresting composition. Mrs. Dilworth received many floral tributes; and she made a very charming picture upon a stage which was most artistically lighted and arranged.

* * *

The annual concert of the Conservatory String Orchestra was given on Thursday evening of last week under the direction of its energetic conductress, Mrs. Dreschler Adamson. A programme which included the introduction and allegro of Beethoven's and the overture to "William Tell" was effectively performed. Miss Annie Connor at the piano and Mr. T. J. Palmer at the organ, supplemented the strings by filling in the brass and wind parts, so far as such was possible. The orchestra at all times evinced an ability in uniform bowing, phrasing and intonation, which spoke well for the discipline and control which Mrs. Adamson is able to exert. This is a thoroughly educative undertaking, and the important part that the orchestra is playing in the musical scheme of things here is one which is far-reaching and substantial in its scope. Miss Mona Bates, a pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, played the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's Concerto No. 1, for piano with finished effect. Considerable disappointment was felt that Mr. Linden, one of our latest additions to the ranks of 'cello solists, was too ill to appear on the programme.

* * *

In the Margaret Eaton School, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, the pupils of Mr. James Quarrington essayed a production of Gounod's "Faust"—in miniature, as Mr. Quarrington chose to term it—and the undertaking deserves considerable commendation. W. E. Brown, as "Faust"; Miss Violet Hunt, as "Marguerita"; Miss Madge Bonam, as "Martha"; Mr. A. Quarrington, as "Mephistopheles"; and Mr. James Quarrington, as "Valentine," constituted the cast, and they sang their parts with much vocal ability. Mr. Quarrington is fortunate in having a number of pupils with excellent natural voices, and his good work as a singing master had every favorable opportunity for display. Miss Bertha Kerr sang "The Flower Song" with much success. Mr. W. E. Brown is a tenor of great promise, and his future work will be regarded with interest. Altogether, the performances prospered; and despite certain manifest crudities in the histrionic efforts of the vocalists, the poetic beauty of Gounod's great music made its appeal, while the inherent tragic melancholy in the history of Marguerita and Faust once more touched the sentiment of an audience.

* * *

The following is the programme given at the pupils' weekly recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, Saturday afternoon, April 24th:

(a) Mendelssohn, "Song Without Words, No. 9," (b) Gottschalk, "The Spark," Mr. Harold Mikkonen; Thome, "La Sirene," Miss Dorothy Phillips; Moszkowski, "Melodie." G flat, Miss Ruth Smith; Bevan, "Flight of Ages," Miss Sadie Terry; Grieg, "Lyrische Stucke," Elegie, "Melodie," Miss Norma Whitelaw; Nolck, "Valse Elegant," Miss Valera Humphrey; (a) Renard, "Slumber Song." (b) Bohm, "Perpetual Motion," Miss Kathleen Reid; Heller, "Tarantelle, A flat," Miss Doris Hewlett; Landon Ronald, "When Butterflies Return," Miss Marjorie Brush; (a) Beethoven, "Rondo," (b) Jensen-Niemann, "Murmuring Zephyrs," Miss Irene Weaver; German, "Love the Pedlar." Miss Pearl Brodey; Gilder, "Carnival Dance," Miss Constance Oakley; Franz Ries, "Die blauen Fruhlingsaugen," Miss Ella Maxwell; Lack, "Valse Arabesque," Miss Gladys Ross.

The following teachers were represented: Miss Marie Hennessey, Miss Lexie F. Davis, Miss Jessie M. Allen, Miss Annie Hallworth, Miss R. E. A. Wilson, Miss Edith Myers. Miss Lina D. Adamson, Miss Madeline Carter, Miss Eugenie Quehen, Miss Marjorie Ratcliffe, Mr. Donald Herald.

* * *

According to a Leeds despatch, Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss has invited the Leeds Choral Union to visit Canada under his auspices next spring. A Yorkshire paper just to hand says that it is suggested that the Chorus should be accompanied by a Leeds orchestra of forty pieces, the intention being to visit only the largest centres, and to give a two or three days' festival in each. The matter is now being considered by the members of the Leeds Choral Union.

* * *

The success of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's popular concert on Saturday evening and the impression made by Miss Edith Miller on Monday evening by her singing and that of her most talented assistants have led to the happy combination of the two forces, and a combined concert will be given on Mondap next, May 3, at popular prices. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra will be assisted by Mr. Alfred Heather, tenor; Mr. Thorpe Bates, baritone, and Miss Maud Bell, 'cellist.

ARPEGGIO.

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Wool Casements, give a dull low color effect, are very restful, and are much like a fine cashmere, in printed effects of blue, mauve, red and green, on deep cream grounds, plain colors of greens, red and ecru shades, 50 in. wide, and will wash, $1.00, $1.25 per yard.

Madras Muslin, in all colors and designs, light effect Orientals, floral effects, have a good mesh, creams, greens, white and all shades, in dark grounds, 50 inches wide, 35c, $1.00 per yard.

Plain and Figured Muslins, all sizes of dot or coin spots, others with wreath and conventional figures, floral effects, soft colored grounds, with contrast pattern, bow knots, in all colors, on white grounds, 36 to 50 inches wide, from 18c to 45c per yard.

Scrims, 36 in. wide, 30c per yard, plain or printed, in stained glass effects, or red and greens, blue and browns, on cream grounds, or plain in natural grey, cream and white, very effective when stencilled, hung straight.

Two-toned Cloths, a close cotton material, with woven patterns, has a good body, is 50 in. wide, white grounds, with Oriental patterns, in reds, greens, blue and yellow, with border down each edge, 52 inches wide, 75c per yard.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE short visit of Miss Edith Miller and her concert company in Toronto gave great pleasure to the former friends and admirers of Miss Miller, and both socially and artistically charmed everyone. On Saturday evening at the "Pop" at Massey Hall, the English company occupied a box and saw that twenty-five cent concerts are a success here. The people turned out in thousands on that evening, and the audience was enthusiastic. On Monday evening, when the best programme we have heard from a concert company this season was offered by Miss Miller and her friends from England, there were not nearly so many people, but the applause was vivid and spontaneous, as one good thing after another delighted the audience. Miss Miller looked very handsome in flesh-pink satin, with shawl overskirt, and bodice and sleeves of opal sequins and silver, and a twist of silver in her beautiful brown hair. The first floral tribute was a green wire basket, filled with pink roses, and standing five feet high, a huge boquet and a deep crimson sheaf of carnations tied with white gauze followed during the evening. Miss Bell, a girl-cellist of charming appearance, who wore a soft blue satin trained gown, with pearl trimmings, and a band of pale blue in her pretty coiffure, shared the welcome of Toronto, and the other members of the company, tenor, basso and accompanist, had no reason to doubt that their very fine numbers were not fully appreciated. Miss Miller lunched at Chudleigh on Sunday, and was guest of honor at a supper at Benvenuto after the concert on Monday. A few of those who enjoyed the music were Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones and Rev. Crawford Brown, Baron de Champ, Miss Blackstock, Mr. Harold Denison, R.H., Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mrs. Arthur Grantham, Mr. Hugh Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Smith of Moncton, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. and Miss Tyrrell, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hollwey, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher and Miss Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young, Mr. Turner, Mrs. Clinch and Miss Dorothy Skill, Mrs. Williams Beardmore, Mrs. James Elmsley, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ethel Sheppard, Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. and Miss Spragge, Mrs. Coulson, Dr. and Mrs. Thistle, Mrs. Arthur Hills and Mrs. Soames, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mrs. John Meredith, Mr. and Miss Austin, Mr. Keith Macdougall, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs Goulding. After the concert a crowd of friends besieged Miss Miller in the green-room and tendered their hearty congratulations on her successful "return," that most crucial event in the history of an artiste. The company left for Ottawa on Tuesday, and will spend this week-end in Toronto.

MRS. J. H. DUNLOP, Montreal.

Lt. Colonel Merritt, R.O., gave a tea in the Military Institute, Simcoe Street, yesterday, to which guests were asked to meet Mrs. and Miss Cotton, who have come from Ottawa to reside in Toronto.

Several engagements have been announced this week of distinct interest to society. Miss Helen Violet Watson, daughter of Mr. H. M. Watson, of Hamilton, and grand-daughter of the late Lieutenant Governor Crawford, is engaged to her cousin, Mr. William Victor Law, son of Commander Law. Miss Dorothy Vivien Kirkpatrick, "Dot," youngest daughter of the late Richard Cummings Kirkpatrick, and who is now residing with her sister, Mrs. Porter, at Niagara Falls, is engaged to Mr. Charles C. Egbert, of Niagara Falls, formerly of Morristown, N.J. Both of these charming girls formerly lived here, where they are much esteemed, and Toronto friends are wishing them all sorts of good things for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Osler, of Bronte, have returned from their honeymoon and spent a few days in Toronto on their way to Lakeview Farm.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor will entertain at dinner at Government House on Tuesday, May 4.

The election of Primate and Metropolitan of Ontario, held this week, brought a number of Episcopal dignitaries to town. They were entertained by our own church dignitaries and others. The Most Reverend Samuel Pritchard Matheson, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Rupert's Land, was chosen to succeed the late Primate, and Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, a prelate universally beloved, is Metropolitan.

Those who attended the daffodil luncheons this spring enjoyed the last of such happy reunions held in St. James' schoolhouse, the demolishing of which commenced immediately afterwards. The new parish house will meet the modern needs and be a distinct boon and means of good to many. Its position down-town opens large avenues of usefulness where conditions are crying for help.

Mrs. William Denison, of Winnipeg, is visiting Mrs. Denison of Rusholme this week. Last Friday she was guest of honor at a very pleasant and largely attended tea given by her hostess, Mrs. Edward Leigh, 50 Albany Avenue. A great many old and new friends were glad to meet Mrs. Denison on that occasion. Miss Ada Read, a relative of the guest of honor, presided at the teatable, which was centered with a beautiful tree of spirea in full bloom, and some handsome cut flowers. On a tempting cake floated the British flag, for it was St. George's Day, an anniversary so ardent a pair of patriots as Major and Mrs. Leigh were sure to honor. The guests noticed also the beautiful loving-cup, suitably inscribed, which his confreres in the Parliament buildings presented to Major Leigh and his amiable wife on the occasion of their silver wedding day last year. A few of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mr. and Mrs. Lace, Mrs. James Robertson, Professor and Mrs. Lou Stewart, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Miss Wyndeatt, Rev. and Mrs. Paget, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Dunsford, Mrs. Peplar, Mr. Anderson of Montreal, Miss Maud Band.

An event witnessed by a crowd of well known persons took place on the old Garrison Common on Monday, when Hon. Dr. Pyne laid the corner stone of the splendid new Transportation Building of the National Exhibition. The Premier was unable to perform the duty, and Dr. Pyne took his place. The day was brilliantly fine, but so cold as to suggest late autumn instead of advanced spring.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn left this week for a visit to Wheeling, West Virginia. Major Cockburn, V.C., returned to his ranch in the West last week.

Mrs. George C. Burnett, 3 Clarendon Crescent, Secretary of the Woman's Canadian Club, gave a charming tea on Monday for Miss Agnes Deans Cameron. The teatable was decorated with pink roses in a crystal vase, and Mrs. Alton Garratt and Mrs. Joy presided over the tea and coffee urns. Miss Dorothy Tyrwhitt assisted in looking after the guests, among whom were Lady Moss, past president, Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Lizars Smith, Mrs. James Robertson, and many other ladies of the Club.

Mr. Edward Gurney left last week for Liverpool, where his motor was in waiting for a tour through England. On his return he will accompany his family to the seaside for the summer. Mrs. Gurney was at home, for the last time this season, last Friday afternoon.

Lady Laurier and Madame Brodeur were in town for a few hours one day last week *en route* from Mt. Clemens to Ottawa. Lady Laurier was far from well, and was quite exhausted by the journey. The ladies were met and entertained by Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones during their flying visit, and left for Ottawa the same evening.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson returned from the south last week, and is at Mrs. McDowell's, 170 Bloor Street west, until her house in St. Vincent Street is ready for her occupancy.

Mrs. Charles Sampson returned to her home in Chicago last Saturday.

Miss Brenda Smellie sails to-day from Philadelphia Liverpool by S.S. Merion, and will spend the summer visiting friends in England and Scotland. Miss Smellie afterwards goes to Berlin for a winter of study and voice culture. She will return to Toronto when her course is finished, and those who have heard and seen her during the last two seasons in concert and choir work predict a successful future. Miss Smellie has the presence, ability and voice to ensure a return for earnest work.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Smellie have given up their house on Avenue Road, and moved over to their island cottage for the summer, and on their return to town, they will reside in apartments.

Mr. S. MacDougall, of Ottawa, is of the large number of arrivals from Canada in New York this week and is at the Hotel Plaza. Comte de Colignac, of Paris, who is there, lately arrived from Mexico, will visit Canada before his return to France. Lady Galt has returned from Atlantic City and is spending some time at the Hotel Wolcott. Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine and the Misses Lemoine, of Otawa, are at the Waldorf Astoria in New York for a few days seeing some of the new plays and doing their spring shopping. They have just returned from England, where they spent the winter.

Mrs. Harry Totten and Miss Merritt have sailed for England on the Adriatic.

After the first of May, reception days are voted out of date for this season. We are meanwhile wandering around wondering how to put in time, without our usual busy day and evenings at the Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Lea announce the engagement of their daughter, Edna Mary, to Charles Alexander Starr. The marriage will take place May 20th.

Mr. Lionel Clark has taken Mrs. John D. Hay's house "Strathearn," St. George street, for next winter, when Mrs. Hay and her children will go abroad for some time. They will spend the heated term in the country as usual this summer.

Judge and Mrs. Teetzel and Mr. and Mrs. Mara are going to England in June for a motor trip.

Mrs. J. W. B. Walshe has gone to Virginia Hot Springs to join her sister, Mrs. Hobson.

Mr. T. W. White has gone to Vancouver, in the Canada Northern Railway, as head man, and Mrs. White will go out the first of May.

A rather novel suit at law is among the possibilities of the near future. The rumored complainant is a gentleman without apparently the taste or capacity for independence, who is speaking of suing his wealthy wife for an allowance on the ground that as he gave up his profession at her request she is now up to the problem of supporting him.

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AT a Southend-on-Sea theatre recently a box was occupied by some one whom everybody took to be Carrie Nation. At a point in the play when drink was mentioned the figure in the box rose and to the dismay of the attendants, displayed a hatchet which she showed every intention of using. A rush was made for the box and Mrs. Nation was removed, when it was discovered that she was a well-known amateur actor.

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A BACKWOODS SINGER

By PETER O'DEE.

JULES DEMAREST was a man of aesthetic tastes and practical ideas—a sufficiently rare combination. This explains how he, an impressario and connoisseur in things musical, was on this particular morning driving over the waggon trail north of Nomining through the country of spruce and log-shanties. It was in the spring, and the road was alternately a puddle and a sheet of glare ice. But the horse was of the sturdy French-Canadian breed, which recks little of such things, and it resolutely floundered through or slid over the bad places. The harness was strong and the sleigh was staunch, and so Jules was able to follow his shaggy steed without any more serious inconvenience than frequent and severe outbursts of bad temper—and language. And in these outbursts the saw-mill, in which he had an interest and which he was on his way to visit, as well as its manager and everyone connected with it—and their families even unto the fourth generation—all came in for a share of his attention.

Suddenly the ringing blows of an axe to which he had been listening for some minutes ceased, and just as he dragged round a turn of the road and saw a clearing ahead, there came to him through the trees the melancholy cadence of a French-Canadian folk-song.

"*Mon Dieu!* what a voice!" he muttered, instinctively pulling his horse to a standstill. Nor did he have to pull hard.

And there he sat, the reins sagging idly in his hand, listening with all his ears and heart and soul to that lilting, mellow tune and that splendid voice. It was a baritone, a glorious, golden baritone, such as God seldom gives to men, but when he does there is no tenor in the world to compare with it. For this is a man's voice, and when it is at its best it holds all the power and all the high emotion and all the exquisite gentleness of ideal manhood.

The song floated out to an end and then Jules straightened up with a long breath, as though waking from sleep.

"I have heard Scotti—" he said in utter wonderment, "but, *Sainte Vierge*, he can't sing better than that!"

He jerked the lines feverishly, the old horse plunged forward, and in a few minutes he drew up on the edge few minutes he drew up at the edge rather sharply from the road, and back at the top of the rise stood the log-cabin, a miserable little hovel of roughly hewn logs. Near it, however, stood the foundation of a new and much finer building, one which promised to really deserve the name of a house among the shacks of the district. A number of huge logs lay about in its immediate neighborhood, and it was on one of these that a man was at work with a broad-axe. He stood on the log squaring it, and he swung the heavy axe with masterly grace and precision, as Jules could see even from the road. He watched him for a moment or two and then called to him.

"*Hola! mon ami,*" he shouted, "a word with you."

"*Salut! Salut!*" came the cheery reply, and leaving his axe sticking in the log, the man started down the hill towards him.

He was a splendid specimen this woodsman, and as he came on Jules scrutinized him with the admiring intensity of a connoisseur before a masterpiece. Black-haired and swarthy, he was a typical French-Canadian; but he was taller than most of his countrymen, and he walked with the lithe suppleness of an Indian. There was something, too, in the character of his face and the unwinking stare of his black eyes which suggested an Indian strain, and this is not at all unusual among French-Canadians, many of whom can boast—though they rarely do—of a savage ancestor. Though the weather was still quite cold he wore only a heavy woollen shirt with the neck open, which showed his wide shoulders and massive neck to superb advantage. His feet were encased in oiled moccasins.

"*Bon jour,*" he said with a laugh as he halted within a few yards of the sleigh, "have you lost your way?"

"*Non, mon ami,*" Jules replied with husky solemnity, "I have not lost anything. *Au contraire*, I have made a discovery."

"*Sapre donc!* Is it permitted then to know what you have discovered?"

"I have discovered you." And Jules drove the point home with outstretched finger. It never occurred to him to doubt that this was the man he had heard singing. The figure and the voice fitted one another too completely.

"*Bon Dieu!*" he thought as he watched him, "what a figure for grand opera!"

"What! you have discovered me!" cried the man in utter amazement pointing to himself. "Are you then a policeman? But I have done nothing!"

"Don't you know?" asked Jules disregarding his question, "don't you know that you have a wonderful voice?"

The man gave a relieved laugh.

"*Ah, bah,* is that it? I thought you were going to arrest me. *Mais oui*—I sing a little—to make fun for the girls, and for the *bon Dieu* in the church. The *cure* says I sing very well, and my little Marie Louise, she loves to hear me give the old *chansons.*"

Jules waved his hand in contempt. "But that is nothing, nothing for a voice like yours. You should not bury such a gift in the woods. With a voice like that in Montreal you can make a great name and lots of money."

The man laughed and shook his head.

"*Non, non, monsieur,* I am not such a fool as that, to think I can sing like the great singers in Montreal."

"But I know, for I have given concerts myself. And I tell you that you can sing better than any of them."

The man smiled at the praise of his voice, but he regarded Jules doubtfully, evidently wondering whither this was all leading. Jules went on with increasing energy and earnestness.

"You have a marvellous voice. All it needs is a little training and you can become a famous singer, and make more money in one night than you ever saw in your life here. This is no place for you. Come with me to Montreal and I will make a great artist of you."

"*Quoi donc!* Go with you—go away from here! Leave the woods—and Marie Louise, my Marie Louise! *Jamais! Jamais!*"

Jules almost wept at such obstinate stupidity.

"You are throwing away the chance of your life!" he cried, though all the time thinking of the money the manager of such a singer could make. "And all for what? Who is Marie Louise? Are you married?"

The man's eyes flashed, and he threw out his hands with an expansive gesture.

"Marie Louise! You don't know Marie Louise Laplante—the prettiest girl in all Nomining? *Sapristi,* you are surely a stranger. She is my girl—the sweetheart of me, Joe Archambault—and I will marry her soon as the house is built and I can get a little money to start life."

A brilliant idea occurred to Jules. "Money—you want money? Why don't you come to Montreal with me, then, and in a few months you will get more money than you would make here in years. Come with me and in a year you can come back and marry her, and perhaps you will be able to open a hotel at Nomining."

The man's eyes flashed at the delightful prospect, but he still shook his head, though less resolutely than before.

"*Non, non,*" he muttered, "I could not leave her—I could not go away."

"But if she wanted you to go—" Jules insisted.

"Want me to go! It is impossible—she loves me."

It was superb, the fellow's confidence. But Jules was not going to let this prize escape without a struggle.

"Yes, she loves you, but she knows you need money. And she might be willing for you to go away for a while so that you could earn a lot of money and come back and marry her and be happy. She is interested in your future—it is only fair to ask her Where does she live, your sweetheart?"

And thus it happened that Jules Demarest and Joe Archambault drove that day into Christinville ten miles away and laid their case before Marie Louise Laplante. She listened to them both very quietly, this dark-eyed girl with the figure of a Venus. And when Jules finally finished stating the case—the other said little though his eyes were eloquent—she went with unerring instinct to the heart of the business.

"You have said much, *monsieur,* about the money that Joe would earn, but you have not told us anything definite. We know what a lumber man would earn in the shanties, but we don't know what is the pay of a singer."

And then Jules knew that he had to do with a woman of intelligence, so he proceeded to talk business.

"If Joe comes with me," he said, "I will have his voice trained and will make of him an artist. And besides I will pay him one hundred dollars a month from the first, though it will be some time before he can sing in public. And if he does well after that I will raise his salary, until he may perhaps get so much as three hundred dollars a month or even more. They pay lots of money to great singers."

Three hundred dollars a month! They looked at one another round-eyed. In a few months he would be rich. Besides her woman's pride in him was aroused. He had a wonderful voice—hadn't the *cure* told her so and didn't she know it herself—and now she wanted all the world to know. Jules saw the look in her eyes and knew what it meant. So he resolved to give her every chance to win over the reluctant Joe.

"I have some business," he said, "at Brosseau's mill. I will go over there now, and when I come back you can let me know what you decide."

When he came back it was all settled that Joe should go. But it had been a struggle. That gifted young lumber-jack was in very sulky humor, and it was a tearful gaze that his sweetheart rested lovingly on him as she stood beside him and told Jules of their decision.

"Take good care of Joe," she said, "for that is a wicked place, that big Montreal. And I—I will pray to the *bon Jesu.*"

And this was how Jules came by his backwoods singer the great prize of his career as impressario. But there was still a great deal to be done before he could reap his reward. This diamond had to be cut and polished before it was saleable. And Jules set himself to work with tremendous energy at the cutting and polishing. Nor did the jewel always take kindly to the labor expended on him. He knew nothing whatever of the requirements of a musical education, and at times he balked strenuously at the dry and uninteresting exercises through which he was made to go. But Jules had abundance of experience and unlimited tact and perseverance, and he finally managed to get his reluctant pupil into something like presentable shape. And then came his reward.

It was at a minor musical affair in Montreal that an uncouth man was forced onto the platform, an awkward nervous fellow who wore his suit of evening clothes like so much chain-mail. But everybody suddenly sat up, for this hulking fellow who didn't know what to do with his hands had a wonderful voice and a temperament, too. And so they made him sing his songs—hackneyed pieces by Chaminade—over and over again. It was a triumph, and long before he had done, everyone understood that a new and remarkable singer had been presented to the public.

Then came Jules' palmy days when the papers all hailed his discovery, and when orders for appearances at concerts flowed in in a steady stream. Archambault was in demand everywhere. But while this circumstance gratified the pride and business instincts of his manager, it also added to his difficulties. For Joe, always hard to handle, now became almost unmanageable. His self-conceit became something colossal. He had found out that he could beat the best of them in Montreal, that Babylon of his dreams, and his brain grew dizzy at the thought of his own greatness. In a word he got a "swelled head," and though he did not have literally to use a shoe-horn to get his hat on, his affliction made him a burden to his unfortunate manager.

Joe also took to evil courses. He was a Frenchman, and therefore sociable. He was becoming a celebrity, and he did not have to wait long or hunt far for bosom friends. Men drank with him and borrowed his money. Women made love to him. This magnificent animal with the voice of a god and the temperament of a poet appealed to all alike: and he

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

ORANGE MEAT COMPARED WITH BREAD

BREAD and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not baked enough to get the best results. By chemical analysis there is found a great difference between the bread crumb and bread crust. Owing to the action of heat the bread crust contains about one-third less moisture than the crumb, six times more fat, 40 per cent. more proteid, twice the quantity of soluble matter, 60 per cent. more maltose and three times more dextrine, all due to heat action.

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Editor's Notice:—Saturday Night is always glad to receive original stories, sketches, etc., illustrated or otherwise. All manuscripts should be type-written and the necessary return postage enclosed; otherwise the Editor cannot guarantee their return should they be rejected.

Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 1, 1909, No. 29

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

A Profitable Retort.

THERE are occasions when Inspector James L. Hughes discards his dignity and condescends to joke and chaff some of the lady members on the city staff of teachers. One of these occasions occurred a couple of weeks ago, the woman in the case being "an occasional." James L. wanted to be nice and agreeable, and during a lull in the business session started up a more or less personal conversation with this young lady. By and by he said:

"And where did you get your early education?"

"At Ottawa," was the reply.

"Ottawa, Ottawa," pondered the Inspector, rubbing his head, and apparently trying to recall some distant memory, "where is Ottawa, anyway?"

"Where did you get *your* early education?" was the retort flashed back at him without a second's delay.

The advocate of fonetic spelling laughed heartily at the ready reply, which so pleased him that the occasional, it is said, has since been appointed to the regular teaching staff, and has been notified that her salary as assistant principal will start on May 1, whether there is vacancy tfien or not.

Technicalities His Specialty.

"REALLY, I am not conversant with the case."

"There is such a case, My Lord."

"I do not think that I have seen it."

"But it is in the library. I know, because I am familiar with the books in the library."

"I can vouch for that, Mr. Mackenzie."

This dialogue recently occurred, in the court of the Master-in-Chambers at Osgoode Hall between Mr. J. S. Cartwright, the Master, and Mr. J. B. Mackenzie, barrister.

Mr. Mackenzie is a specialist on criminal law, and though the Osgoode library contains many volumes of long forgotten lore, he hasn't forgotten any of it. It's nothing new for Mr. Mackenzie to take the courts back three or four hundred years. In fact, he is as likely as not to quote from any statute since the days of the Magna Charta.

Mr. Mackenzie frequently represents individuals in jail that want to get out, and if there has been a flaw in their conviction, Mr. Mackenzie may be trusted to find it.

From time to time he keeps the Attorney-General's department so busy as to give its members little time for sleep. His habeas corpus and certiorari-in-aid motions have made him famous, and when he loses in one court, he goes on to another, keeping it up as long as he can. When he is in fighting trim, and that's almost always, though he isn't a robust man physically, he has anywhere from twenty to fifty books of reference in front of him, and as many more in his head.

Mr. J. B. Mackenzie is certainly some pumpkins when it comes to technical law, even though magistrates and constables may not adore him.

The Late Dr. James Fletcher.

ONE of the most interesting and most likeable men in Canada was the late Dr. James Fletcher, Dominion Entomologist and Botanist, Ottawa. Ottawa was his home at death, but a great part of his busy life was spent on the western prairies. His aim in life was to find out facts and to make these facts known to people to whom they would be of use. He used to say that one-third of the crops raised in America were destroyed by enemies of one kind or another, and it was his business to help the farmer to distinguish his friends from his foes, and thus to save part of that lost third.

At first the western farmer thought him a harmless faddist, but the day came when they wired for him to come to help save their crops from insect or weed enemies. Life was full of interest for him. Where the unobservant man saw only a few bugs on the weeds in a fence corner he saw a battle going on that had to do with the fortunes of the west in the next decade. Prejudices had no place in his make-up. The loathesomeness of an object never turned him against it until he had examined both the object and his mind to see if the loathsomeness was only ignorant prejudice which blinded the beholder to real beauty and usefulness.

The horror that the average person has of snakes, he held, was simply prejudice. A snake, he said, was really one of the most beautiful creatures in existence. He frequently lectured before Normal School classes. On such occasions, as likely as not, he would bring from his pocket a handful of wriggling garter snakes. There would be a series of little shrieks from the class, but he would calmly argue that this was simply the result of lack of knowledge fostered by prejudice. Within five minutes he would have the most timid girl in the room holding one of those wrigglers in her hands and admiring its markings and structure.

Dr. Fletcher's work in showing farmers how to save their crops was immensely valuable but far more valuable was his work in increasing the content of life for men and women of all classes and professions.

A Raw Deal.

A TORONTO gentleman recently had a dispute with a New York business firm, and, the matter involving a large contract, it was decided to send an agent of the American enterprise to Toronto to try to fix things up. The agent who didn't wish to freeze to death in this rawest of raw springs wired:

"What's the weather like up in Toronto?"

"Like the deal you're trying to give me," was the prompt response.

The School Telephone and the Boy.

THE telephone is widening its influence in Toronto schools. Not only are the city schools connected with the outside world by the hello wire, but the experiment of having individual phones, so to speak, with the principal's office is proving to be quite a success. Of course, when the rooms are without telephone connection with the principal's office, there's the speaking tube. It's not so new, but still useful.

This story, however, has to do with a telephone and a small boy. The boy's penchant was mischief, and when he was so naughty as to compel his teacher to march him down to the principal, he was happy, whatever the punishment to come might be. Alas, for the boy. He sees this source of enjoyment fading into the hazy past. The revelation came to him in this way:

He had been up to his usual pranks, or more so, if anything. His teacher looked at him, more in sorrow than in anger, and he expected this invitation: "Come with me to the principal." But it didn't come. Instead the teacher walked over to the telephone, and thus addressed the principal: "Mr. ——, So-and-So has been misbehaving; I am sending him down to you."

Down to the office he went, but his teacher didn't go with him, and the fun of being escorted to the principal and correction was at an end.

Got Back at the Lawyer.

IN a trial held during a recent session of the London Assizes in which a woman injured by a train was suing the railroad for ten thousand dollars damages the spectators in the court room were treated to a good deal of wit and humor, and in one of the passages of arms, T. B. McArthur, the well-known Toronto lawyer, got rather the worst of the affair. He was examining Dr. McCallum, professor of medicine in the Western University, on the condition of the plaintiff just after the accident and subsequently. The doctor said that she was a pronounced neuresthenic at the present time.

"Isn't it true, doctor, that the patient might be malingering, and are there not many cases where patients supposedly seriously injured recover very soon after the trial?" asked Mr. McArthur.

"Oh, yes. The litigation helps some—after they get out of the hands of the lawyer."

A Financial Rocket.

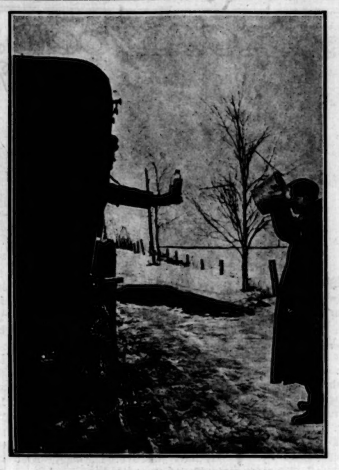
WILLIAM R. MONTGOMERY, ex-president of the defunct Hamilton Bank, of New York, has been arrested in the office of District Attorney Jerome.

Mr. Montgomery, who cannot be more than thirty-five years of age, is a native of St. John, N.B., and began his financial career as a junior in the St. John branch of the Halifax Banking Company, since absorbed by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Those who remembered the curly headed boy of a few years ago, were surprised to learn of his foremost position in the management of an important American bank, at the time of its suspension about eighteen months ago. Such rapid promotion has been infrequent in Canada, and disastrous when tried, but perhaps if Mr. Montgomery had remained in New Brunswick he would have been on the board of the Central Railway of that province, and might have been able to tell what became of the books.

A Newspaper Story from London the Less.

A TELEGRAM sent to the wrong brother a couple of months ago in London, Ontario, caused a rather interesting mix-up and had the entire staff of one of the papers out looking for a murder which had never occurred. The *casus belli* was that then the sporting editors of The Free Press and The Advertiser were brothers, by the name of Rutledge.

The younger brother was on The Free Press, and as correspondent for a Toronto afternoon paper sent down a query, "How much do you want on —— murder?" calling by an incorrect but very brief and expressive phrase a certain story which had occurred the previous Sunday about a man, who on conversation, had stated that he had knowledge of a murder committed a good many years ago in the same township. The answer came back: "Send three hundred words on —— murder." But the operator at the telegraph office got the names mixed and sent the message to the elder brother, the sporting editor of The Advertiser.



REFRESHMENTS ON THE WAY.
Scene in a Prohibition Township in Ontario.

Now sometimes a newspaper in a big city may get private tips regarding stories before a local paper will hear anything about them, and the editor of The Tiser took this view of the matter when he got the wire in the office. He sent first one man and then another out on the still-hunt for a murder or murderer of some sort or other, and quite a lot of energy was wasted fruitlessly. To make matters worse, the story of their rival's worry got over to the Free Press, and some cruel reporter 'phoned up asking for information re "the —— murder." This kept the whole staff of the other paper on the jump for a while longer, but they soon "got next" and back to their serene and even way.

Notable Educationists Retiring.

THE announcement that Dr. Bryce and Professor Hart of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, are about to retire marks the close of an interesting chapter of education in the West. When the college was founded the Presbyterian Church in Canada was not united, and these two gentlemen were the representatives of the two sections. The union followed soon after.

Two men more different could scarcely be imagined. Dr. Bryce is a big robust, aggressive man, keenly interested in the public questions of the day and always mixing with the life of the people. Dr. Hart is a small, modest, retiring man, studious and chiefly concerned with educational and theological questions. Dr. Bryce has written a history of Manitoba, a history of the Hudson's Bay Company, and innumerable pamphlets on all conceivable subjects relating to the West. Dr. Hart has stuck to the classroom, varied with occasional Sunday duty in some pulpit.

Dr. Bryce is a native of Brant county and a brother of Dr. P. H. Bryce, Dominion Government medical superintendent of immigration. Dr. Hart is a native of Paisley, Scotland, and at the time of the union was the only representative minister of the Church of Scotland in Manitoba.

George Graham's Joke.

EVER since the famous encounter in the House of Commons between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. G. E. Foster in regard to the manipulation of trust funds, the whole current of proceedings of the Lower House of Parliament has been changed by frequent invocations of Rule 19, which forbids the saying of anything offensive to a member. But the climax came the other night when in the middle of a dreary discussion on the Budget the Minister of Railways was taken with a sneezing fit and in the midst of a Tory speech emitted several loud cachinations. There was a loud laugh from the Liberal benches, and "Genial George" turned to some of the men behind him with the remark:

"I suppose that if George Foster were here he would consider those as disagreeable remarks."

Humors of a Newspaper Office.

TO enliven his report of the disappointingly dull proceedings of the first sitting of the adjourned Kinrade inquest, the representative of a Toronto paper included in his despatch some of the minutiae of the court formalities.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes," he wrote it, as the crier has pronounced it in British courts from time immemorial, but an intelligent though pedantic compositor set it up "Oyez, oyez, oyez."

The well-meant substitution was discovered in time, and the reporter, thinking that no high-priced compositor could be guilty of such an indiscretion, was disposed to blame the telegraph operator. But who ever heard of a telegrapher making a change in the direction of accuracy?

An outcome of the same session of the investigation brought into prominence an office boy on the same paper. Seeking material for the bulletin board, he was told that new subpoenas had been served upon members of the Kinrade family, and promptly wrote it down: "Use of peanuts served on the Kinrade family." But his comical transcription had to pass through other hands, and the grave decorum of the "table of contents" was not disturbed.

Opening a British Visitor's Eyes.

"NOT bad little houses for the colonies," said Mr. James R. Motion, Inspector of the Poor and Clerk of the Parish Council of Glasgow, the other day, when Mr. George Wright of the Walker House, Toronto, met him at Halifax and took him for a drive around the city. Mr. Wright played "possum"; he lay low.

At Montreal Mr. Motion was vastly impressed by the architecture. Again did Mr. Wright bide his time.

Then Mr. Motion came on to Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. Wright as their guest, Mrs. Wright being his niece. Mr. Wright had laughed softly to himself once or twice on the way to Toronto, but Mr. Motion hadn't known the cause of the levity.

Mr. Wright ordered a carriage for Mr. Motion, and devoted several hours to showing the Glasgow gentleman the sights of colonial Toronto.

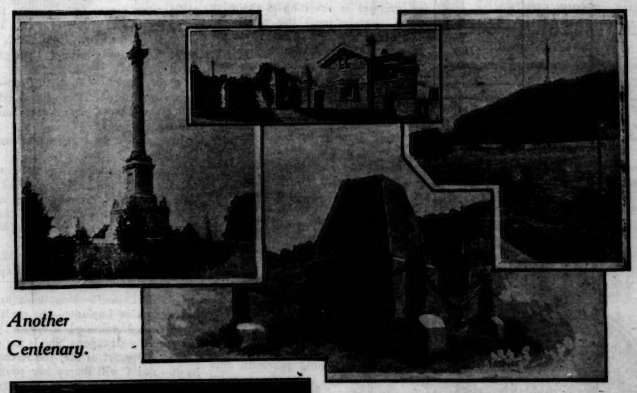
"Very pretty little city," said Mr. Motion early in the drive; but later he became as silent as Mr. Wright had been. As for Mr. Wright his triumph was at hand, and he did the talking. Mr. Motion's wonder grew rapidly, and finally when it was all over, and he had some conception of what Toronto really was, Mr. Wright enquired, if somewhat mischieviously:

"Well, how do you like the houses in this little town in the colonies?"

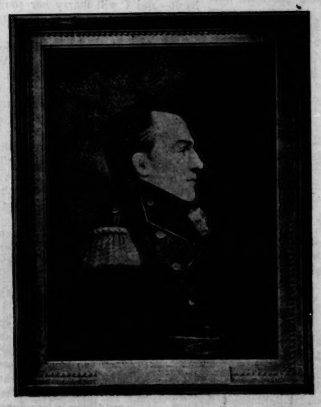
"We are all foolish at home about Canada, and I intend to say so when I return to Glasgow," said Mr. Motion, with the brevity of his country.

Mr. Wright had had his innings.

Another Centenary.



THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK.

There is a movement already being started to organize a series of celebrations to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights and the death of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. Of course this celebration would not take place till 1912, as the battle in question occurred on the 13th of October, 1812, but those back of the movement believe in beginning early. In fact an article on this subject was published a couple of weeks ago in the columns of this paper. It is intended to bring the matter up in the ensuing session of the Legislature, as a preparation for the grant which will be asked for the following year. In view of the attention thus being drawn to the subject, the accompanying pictures of the hero of the Battle of Queenston Heights, the monument to the slain, and the cenotaph which marks the spot where Brock fell, as well as the lodge at the entrance to the park, may be of interest to the public.

Venezuela and the West Indies

By J. W. BARRY

COOLIE POPULATION FROM INDIA — PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

OLD FORT WHERE COLUMBUS WAS IN JAIL — SAN DOMINGO CITY.

A BUSINESS SECTION — PORT OF SPAIN

THE FAMOUS ASPHALT LAKE — ISLAND OF TRINIDAD

FROM Panama we jumped 800 miles to Venezuela. Here is a prospect where every prospect pleases and man alone is vile—particularly the politician. President Castro's recent antics have cast aother wet blanket upon the National Life of this poverty-stricken republic. Caracas, the capital, cradled among the mountains, inland about 7 miles as the crow flies, is practically impregnable to an invading army, defended by a handful of resolute men. The city has some beautiful state buildings and churches, but the ban of poverty appears to be upon it. The people seem to have lost hope; to be living upon a patriotism once bright, but now nearly burnt out. Even the soldiers beg for money. Caracas has a population of 90,000. In 1810 it had 50,000. The increase to-day is rather small owing to the devastating War of Independence which was maintained until 1824; the earthquake of 1812; and, later, the cholera epidemic.

The chief amusement of the people of Caracas is of Spanish character—bull-fighting. When a poor beast is wallowing in its life-blood, then are these citizens in the hey-day of their happiness.

The railway connecting Caracas with its seaport, La Guaira, is a marvel of construction, climbing grades with the ease of a roller-coaster for 20 miles. It runs round and round mountains like a goat, and laughs at horse-shoe curves capable of making a C. P. R. driver hold his breath for an hour. It is here that English engineers have triumphed over grade and altitude and put fear to scorn. We climbed up and up until we could look down upon the sea from a height of 3,000 feet. This is going some you will agree, and good for the nerves.

Until some foreign power takes hold of Venezuela it will always remain clothed in irresponsibility and disrespect. The country is fertile and rich agriculturally, which could be turned to splendid account properly managed but like the people, it has run to seed.

From La Guaira we ran down the coast, or Spanish Main, 150 miles to the Island of Trinidad, a detached fragment of Venezuela. It was an this island that the imaginative Sir Walter Raleigh was lured to the fateful expedition of the mythical El Dorado, in 1595, and it was also here that Lord Nelson anchored when in pursuit of Admiral Villeneuve, which culminated in the great battle of Trafalgar. In 1797 England wrested it from Spain.

We first went to see Pitch Lake, from which comes most of the asphalt used on Toronto's streets. It is a marvellous lake. No sooner is the asphalt dug out of it than the hole closes up again. One million tons are shipped annually, yet the supply is always the same. This is better than a Cobalt mine. The deposit, about half a mile from Brighton, is connected by an aerial trolley which runs the asphalt right into the steamer's hold with one handling. Not a single mule is used, and about 100 negroes are paid 60c. a day each for their labor. Consequently, it is difficult to understand why our asphalt streets cost so much.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, is the most prosperous city in the British West Indies. It appears doubly so silhouetted against benighted Venezuela. The city nestles down by the sea with wealth upon a hundred hills as a background. Coffee, sugar cane, bananas, pineapple, and cocoanuts grow there in wild profusion. The merchants of Port of Spain, although 3,000 miles south of Toronto, approach our tradesmen closely, being owners of some very fine departmental shops. There is a get-up-and-go about them, even in this enervating climate, that is refreshing.

The custom's officers told me that nearly every day a ship comes into port from Canada, and that our goods are rapidly displacing American products. Canada occupies a peculiar position with regard to the West Indies in general, and Canadian manufacturers will do well to lock to this quarter of the globe for business. Already many Toronto merchants are doing a big trade with Port of Spain. The Union Bank, of Halifax, the Manufacturer's Life, and the Confederation Life, of Toronto, have agencies here, and Canadian brains and capital operate the trolley car system.

The Queen's Park savanna here bears many of the characteristics of Kensington Park, London, and is a magnificent breathing spot for the 60,000 inhabitants, of which about 6,000 are Hindoos brought from India to work the plantation. The savanna is surrounded by splendid homes that would put St. George street, Toronto, into a rear class, one of the finest being the Governor's, from whose stately towers flies the flag of England.

Yesterday, we viewed St. Peere, Martinique formerly called the "second Paris" owing to its beauty and wickedness, where in 1902 over 40,000 people were buried under one common pall of fire, ashes and molten lava. The place where the city stood, looks like a faded field over which a blight had swept and withered. It is a sad sight. Strange augury; out of 40,000 inhabitants only one escaped—an negro prisoner in the jail. The people all were dead in half an hour. It is hard to imagine anything like the destruction of an eruption until one views the ruins of St. Perre. There is no awakening from such a slaughter. St. Perre has forever faded from the page of history, yet its warning finger points for all time to humanity. God's displeasure is writ in large letters over this object scene of desolation.

It was on the Island of Martinique that Josephine, Napoleon's consort, was born. It is a pity she did not stay in her little island home. From the time Josephine became Empress she never again knew what happiness or peace of mind was, and she died, poor creature, of a broken heart, the shattered plaything of a remorseless ambition.

As to Christian Science.

Toronto, Ont., April 28, 1909.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont., Dear Sir:—

As one, doubtless of a number of adherents of Christian Science who read your enterprising and entertaining publication, perhaps you will not object to favoring me with space in which to reply briefly to the last "knock" by Tom Masson, which appeared in your columns.

As a student of Christian Science for some years, I would like to say, as emphatically as possible, that I doubt very much whether such an incident as he relates, ever took place. Christian Science does not cause people to manifest less humanity than the average, but it confers upon them a broader humanity by causing them to entertain a more lively sense of their duty to their neighbor. It does not teach, and cannot cause its adherents to regard stolidly the sufferings of anyone in pain or trouble, but it inspires a compassionate regard for the well-being of others which at all times seeks to alleviate human distress in the most effectual manner, viz., by knowing the truth about it. In an emergency such as that referred to, a Christian Scientist, no less than any other individual, would render promptly such material aid as reason and common humanity would dictate.

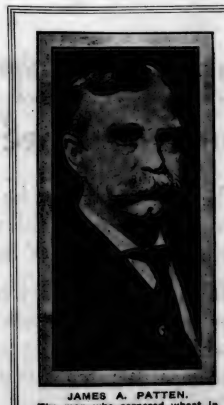
But perhaps Tom did not intend his remarks to be taken too literally. Allowances should be made for professional humorists. They have a livelihood to earn, and the jokes (?) have to be ground out. The writer happens to have been in that line of business at one time himself, and does not mind confessing that there are occasions when the legitimate output of the joke factory is very limited. But business is business and space has to be filled, so if the joke cannot be manufactured by fair means, sometimes it is manufactured by foul—at the expense of the truth.

What good purpose is to be achieved by these slurs upon a respectable and law-abiding class of people, whose religion is as dear to them as is that of any other denomination to its particular adherents, and who have not yet, by their acts, forfeited the right to be treated with the same consideration and decency as that meted out to other sections of the community?

Sincerely yours,
J. M. JACKSON.

The Art of Mind Reading.

THE recent hoax put up in Hamilton whereby the "mind reader," Anna Eva Fay, having prophesied that the revolver used in the Kinrade shooting would be found in a certain place (it was found there), draws attention to the manner in which these mystifying people work. "Mind reading" of this class is one of the most profitable businesses in the world, although the expense involved is almost as great as that of taking a theatrical troupe about the country. Success in fooling the public is achieved by clever advance work as a rule. A retinue travels weeks in advance from town to town that the seer or seeress is to visit, engaged in the task of picking up information. They generally travel as book agents and sewing machine agents, and are glib hands at getting into conversation with housewives about dead children and absent husbands.



JAMES A. PATTEN.
The man who cornered wheat in Chicago and made bread dearer throughout the world.

All this is recorded for future reference and furnishes the data for the "mind reader" when the show comes off. Occasionally a bolder coup is attempted like that pulled off in Hamilton which sets the community by the ears. If the fakir who planted the revolver under the sidewalk at Hamilton had only taken the precaution to put an old rusty revolver, such as could be obtained in any pawn shop, under the walk instead of the bright new weapon that was found, seventy per cent. of the community would have been convinced that Anna Eva Fay had supernatural powers.

Probably the boldest thing of the kind ever attempted in Toronto occurred about ten years ago. A man down in the east end of the city had a horse stolen from him and reported the affair to the police. Search for the beast proved unavailing. About a month later a mind reader came to town and gave an exhibition in the Grand Opera House. By covert means the owner of the missing horse had two tickets given to him in a friendly way.

During the evening the blindfolded seeress had a vision of a man who had lost a horse and asked if such a person were in the audience. The unsuspecting dupe immediately revealed himself.

"You will find your horse in the shed of such and such a hotel," she said, naming a cheap hostelry in the west end. A visit to the hotel revealed the animal as stated, the hotelkeeper claiming that it had been left there to board by a traveller who said he was going out of town for a month. The inference was obvious that the horse had been stolen by an advance emissary of the seeress, and some squaring had to be done before the indignant owner was placated.

There used to be a team, not now in America, known as the Baldwins, who were "smooth workers" in this line of business. They came to Toronto just at the time when the mysterious Hendershot murders in Elgin county were agitating the community. On the opening night, when Mrs. Baldwin was supposed to be under "control," she suddenly commenced to shriek, apparently in a paroxysm of fear. Her husband in great agitation announced that he was afraid he would have to close the show and proceeded to de-hypnotize her. When she came out of her apparent trance she described in great detail a murder she had seen enacted in a winter wood. The husband then asked if there had been such an occurrence, and several in the audience told him of the Hendershot murder, of which he professed to be in ignorance. The show went on and the woman's vision passed with the audience for a marvel of clairvoyance. When the truth came out it appeared that her details were all wrong.

Magicians of the type of the late Monsieur Hermann also have their little tricks, although their cleverness in the art of legerdemain is undeniable. Some years ago Hermann was playing an engagement in Toronto. At the Wednesday matinee a local newspaper man dropped in and found the house half empty Presently he espied two young women from out of town whom he knew. There was a vacant seat alongside them, and he went over and sat down to talk to them. He had not been there very long when a young man came down the aisle with an usher having a check for the seat in question. The newspaper man, who was somewhat of a privileged character, suggested that the young man be placed in one of the hundreds of empty seats that were better than the one he was occupying. The usher acquiesced, but the other man, in deep embarrassment, insisted on having that seat and the one only. Finally, the newspaper man withdrew, leaving the youth to suffer the dagger-like glances of the young ladies. The scribe left the house in a temper, and not for two years did he learn the explanation. One day he was introduced to the youth in question, whom he had absolutely forgotten. The latter said he had been waiting for two years to make an apology for the episode in the theatre.

'I couldn't help myself," he said "You see, Hermann was to find a red silk handkerchief in my inside pocket, and as he was to identify me by the number of the seat, I had to insist on that seat and no other."

MAUD ALLAN, the Dancer.
Drawn from life by R. G. Matthews, a Canadian artist, whose work in London is attracting a great deal of attention.

The Oldest Peer.

LORD GWYDYR, the oldest member of the House of Lords, who died recently, would have been ninety-nine on April 27. Born five years before the battle of Waterloo, Lord Gwydyr had personal recollections of the great events of five reigns. He was present at four coronations—those of George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, and the present King—had been a contemporary of sixteen Lord Chancellors, from Lord Eldon to Lord Loreburn, and nine Speakers of the House of Commons, and had seen the rise and fall of thirty Governments. Among the wonderful agencies of modern progress which have come into practical being during his lifetime are the railway, the electric cable, and the steamship.

One of the late Peer's earliest recollections was of hearing the news of Waterloo cried in the streets of London. It was as a boy of ten that he was taken in his grandfather's state barge from Gwydyr House, Whitehall, to the Speaker's steps at Westminster to see the Coronation of George IV. Vividly impressed on his imagination was the scene in Wesminster Hall when the King's champion, Dymoke, entered on horseback, according to prescribed custom, now abandoned.

"The doors," said Lord Gwydyr in relating this incident, "were flung open and the champion rode a few steps into the hall, flinging his gauntlet to the ground with the traditional challenge. No one ventured to accept it. It was very amusing to watch the efforts of the rider to back his horse out of the King's presence, as the horse seemed unaccustomed to a privileged position."

At the Coronation banquet which followed Lord Gwydyr and his aunt, Lady Elphinstone, were seated in the gallery overlooking the sumptuous feast, and as the banquet progressed they both became exceedingly hungry. Noticing one of their relatives among the guests below, they signalled to him in pantomime their desire to partake of the dainties. Their astonishment can be imagined when the gentleman wrapped some chicken in a piece of paper, and threw it up into the gallery, where it was welcomed and appreciated by Lady Elphinstone and her young companion.

Lord Gwydyr did not succeed to the title until he was sixty, his predecessor being his cousin, the twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby and third Baron Gwydyr—the latter of which titles was conferred on the late Peer's grandfather in 1796.

Lord Gwydyr is succeeded by his only son, the Hon. Willoughby Merrick Campbell Burrell, who was born in 1841. The new Peer's only child is married to the eldest son of Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

While the 'missus' is winning ninepence ha'penny at Bridge.

Ralph Connor Then Unknown.

THAT a period of fifteen years marks many changes is emphasized at the banquet given Rudyard Kipling by the Canadian Club in Winnipeg last year. The novelist, Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon) was also a guest of honor, and among the twenty-five privileged ladies who occupied the gallery was his aunt, Mrs. Parker. After the banquet he saw to it that she met the little man of might.

"I remember the last time you were in this city, Mr. Kipling," said she. "'Charlie' Gordon had just graduated and been appointed to a little mission post at Banff. I knew every penny counted with the boy, so I did him up a nice box of sandwiches to eat on his way out to the Rockies, and took it down to the train.

"I was just leaving the station when I met a friend who told me that Rudyard Kipling was on that train too.

"'I'll go back and tell Charlie,' was my first thought, and then I said to myself 'You'd better not; Kipling will be in the first-class coach and Charlie's travelling tourist. He wouldn't be able to see him and he'd only feel badly.'"

"I wish you had come back," was Kipling's reply, delivered with much emphasis; "I might have had a sandwich. The meals on the C. P. R. at that time were wretched."

Mrs. James Bryce, wife of the British ambassador at Washington, Lady Pudon Clarke, and Mrs. Courtenay Walter Bennett have been among those who have taken a leading part in establishing a new chapter of the Daughters of the Empire in New York. The Order is of Canadian inspiration originally, but is being extended to all parts of the continent.

It has taken eighteen years for the Atlantic steamships to cut down the transatlantic record one day.

The Greatest.

By James P. Haverson.

HE never quite grew up and so
It seemed he couldn't make things go
Could not achieve a large success,
But kept on playing more or less
Just like a child would do, you know.

It seemed he never quite forgot
The kindly things his mother taught,
Just kept on doing as she said
She'd have him do, though she was dead—
"So childish" as we said and thought.

He found some good in everyone
A strand of gold, a flash of fun,
Nothing and no one wholly bad,
And so was never wholly sad,
He sought and always found the sun.

He never quite grew up and so
We could not think that he would go.
Why even children, more or less,
Would smile at his queer childishness—
Perhaps that's why we miss him so.

THE Ontario Motor League has been a strong influence in this Province in the direction of mitigating popular prejudice against automobiles, and in securing some legislation affecting motor vehicles. The officers of the League are far-sighted, fair-minded men. A good many of them are broad-gauged, responsible men of business, who are in the habit of looking at all points of any matter, and who know the value of tact and the spirit of give-and-take in all kinds of practical affairs. Consequently, they have never sought for favors in the matter of legislation, but only fair play. And they have done much to promote better feeling between motorists and non-motoring people by constantly urging on the members of the Association the imperative necessity of deserving and earning the good will of the public. It is, therefore, a matter of general satisfaction that the Motor Vehicle Act, which has just been passed by the Ontario Legislature, is in accordance with the general policy of the Ontario Motor League. It provides for more severe penalties for reckless and careless driving, but some of its provisions are modified in favor of careful and law-abiding motorists. Briefly stated, the amendments to the Motor Vehicle Act are:

No motor car shall pass a stationary street car taking on and letting off passengers, at a greater speed than four miles an hour.

More severe penalties are provided in certain cases. A car must always expose its number. There must be no racing on streets or highways, and no speeding for a wager. No person under seventeen years of age may drive a car. In case of accident a driver must stop and give the name and address of himself and the car owner. For these offences the penalty is a fine of $50, or a week's imprisonment, or both, for the first conviction; $100 fine, or one month's imprisonment, or both, for the second; on a third conviction the car will be impounded for three months.

For minor offences the law is relaxed. Where formerly a fine of not less than $10 might be imposed by a magistrate, the amount is now left to his discretion, up to $50.

This is considered an important concession by the Motor League, as motorists were sometimes fined more heavily than they should have been on trivial or technical grounds.

Any person driving a car for hire must, on demand of the Peace Officer, produce a license from the Provincial Secretary.

* * *

The motor car is King in New York city this week. The second annual automobile carnival is in progress. Last year the manufacturers and dealers united in a similar celebration, which also lasted a week. The affair is intended to impress on the public the immense proportions attained by this industry. "Automobile" Row is gaily decorated for the occasion, and the various events are attracting widespread attention. The programme is as follows:

Monday, hill climb of the Fort George hill, eleven classes; Tuesday, straightaway trials in Hillside avenue, Jamaica, L.I., nine classes; Wednesday, souvenir day along "Automobile Row." A majority of the dealers will distribute appropriate souvenirs; evening, dinner-dance at Hotel Marseille; Thursday, military parade of five hundred soldiers in automobiles; Friday, one gallon economy test from the Automobile Club of America.

On Saturday, the event of greatest popular interest will take place—the monster parade. And in the evening the prizes won will be distributed at a smoker and vaudeville entertainment given by the Automobile Club of America to the New York trade. The parade will be watched by hundreds of thousands of people, and there will be over a thousand cars in line. The first division will be composed of old models and racing cars. The second division, of the regular touring and pleasure vehicles entered by individuals or firms. The third division will be the decorated pleasure vehicle section in which contestants will compete for prizes of $500 for first; $250, second, and $150, third. Another portion of this division will be the grotesque section, in which will be awarded prizes of $200 and $100. The final division will be composed of commercial vehicles and advertising floats. Every kind of advertising device will be allowed in this division. The prizes are: First, $500; second, $200; third, $100.

* * *

This carnival will introduce a series of reliability, endurance, long distance and speed contests that will make the season remarkable in the United States; and of course all these events are of interest to Canadian motorists. The first important fixture on the list will be the annual endurance contest of the Harrisburg Motor Club, to begin on May 3, continuing for four days, and carrying the participants in all directions from the Pensylvania capital.

Many other runs in various parts of the country will fill in the remainder of May, including the annual hill climbing contests at Bridgeport on May 31. New York will see, on June 1, the start of the ocean to ocean contest that will end in Seattle. This event, because of the fact that it is being promoted in the interest of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and will be started by President Taft in the White House, his signal being repeated to the contestants by Mayor McClellan, of New York, promises to be one of the year's greatest tests of automobiles.

The New York Automobile Trade Association will conduct a two days' mountain tour to Catskill and return on June 11 and 12, and on the same dates will occur a twenty-four hour race at Philadelphia. June 18 and 19 will be memorable because of the light car and Cobe trophy contests, near Chicago, the first long distance speed events ever held in the West.

MOTOR CAR WITH GUN FOR USE AGAINST FLYING MACHINES.

The car is armored and driven by a 60 h.p. motor. It can take hills well. The gun is a 5-centimetre quick-firer, with a range of 7,800 metres.

July will be a busy month because of the annual Gliddon tour, which will start at Detroit on July 7, carrying the contestants as far West as Denver.

Later in the season the enthusiasts will probably have an opportunity to witness the first renewal of the Grand Prize race and the Vaanderbilt Cup contests, although the time has not been fixed for either event. October 7 has been selected for the long distance race in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

In November will occur a reliability and good roads contest under the auspices of The New York Herald and The Atlantic Journal. Many other events of interest are also projected.

* * *

Cars of the present year, says L. M. Bradley, in The New York Herald, show greater variety than ever before. Any ideas a possible purchaser may have in regard to design, construction, power or price can be met at some show room. There is now a wide range of bodies to select from. The buyer can have a two or three seated runabout, a roadster with two rear bucket seats or a touring car seating five or seven, while the light touring car fitted with toy or baby tonneau is meeting with much popularity. Many makers are offering but one chassis, but give options of any of the bodies named, while others make various chasses and a variety of bodies.

In mechanical construction there is a wide diversity with motors having one to six cylinders and horse power ranging from eight to one hundred.

A few years ago, after the first period of crudeness had passed, the touring car was the accepted automobile, anything else was freakish and not to be considered. This condition could not last, and the public quickly learned that no one style could meet its needs. The healthy and rapidly growing diversity is evidence of the new life the industry has taken on. Progress demands new things, and the users are pleased with variety.

The present season offers a wider range than ever before, from magnificent limousines and touring cars down to the motor buggies and on down to the little cars for children. Between these wide limits is found a great variety of moderate priced vehicles, offering to the public better value than ever before in the matter of design, workmanship and finish

The prices are considerably lower than in previous years, probably averaging thirty to fifty per cent. This means that 1909 will be the greatest year in point of sales ever experienced by the industry since its beginning.

* * *

That President Taft does not always insist that his chauffeur keep within the statutory speed of twenty miles an hour is indicated by the following paragraph from an article by "Pioneer," in the current issue of Automobile Topics, describing a tour from New York to Richmond:

"We met many automobiles on the new boulevard between Baltimore and Washington, most of them proceeding without much regard for the speed limit. Among the motorists whom we met who seemed to be in a hurry was President Taft, who flashed past us at a rate which indicated that some pressing affair of state required his immediate attention several miles up the road." PNEUMATIC.

A second Pierce-Arrow car for the use of President Taft and family was shipped during the week from the factory at Buffalo, to Washington. The new car is a six cylinder, 36 H.P. Landaulet, and, like the first car of the same make, was bought from money appropriated for the purpose by Congress.

The first car for the President was ordered during February, and was used during the inauguration ceremonies by members of the President's family, and since then, by him. Some idea of what is required of the President's car, a six cylinder, 48 H.P. Suburban, may be gained from the information that it must be on duty fifteen hours a day, and must always be ready at a moment's notice for a call from the White House. The first car had been in use but a short time when the lighter powered Landaulet was ordered. The second car, it is supposed, will be used not only during the cooler months, but during the inclement weather in the summer and fall, since an extra touring body has been ordered for use in the 48 H P. enclosed car during the summer.

Both cars are painted dark blue with a russet stripe following the lines of the moulding. The Suburban car is upholstered in blue broadcloth, while the Landaulet, as befits a car to be used both open and enclosed, is trimmed in grey whipcord. There will be little difficulty in Washington in distinguishing the President's Pierce-Arrows from other cars of the same make, since the coat-of-arms of the Governments has been emblazoned on the door panels of each.

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3

SPORTING COMMENT

PLAY BALL! The voice of the umpire is heard in the land. The season has at last begun, and the local fans have renewed interest in the sporting columns of the papers. They also congregate about bulletin boards, and whenever you notice a crowd around a newspaper office these days it is a safe bet that they are waiting for returns of the score. In fact, the ability to stand in a shower of rain and wait cheerfully for the results of the next innings is the unfailing test of your true died-in-the-wool fan. And so far the fans have been rewarded by the success of their team. The Leafs have begun the season in great shape, and if they can only keep up the whack there seems to be a fine chance of the next pennant flaunting jauntily in the breeze from the bay. That game at Newark was of especially good omen, as there is nothing like getting in the first blow. It is half the battle to make a good start, and the Kelleyites have surely started well. And what made the victory all the greater was the fact that the famous "Iron Man," Joe McGinnity, was in the box for the Indians. In view of this the score of two to nothing was certainly not half bad. And here's wishing for more of the same good fortune. Encore!

* * *

ST. YVES may be the premier Marathoner these days, but when it comes to the shorter distances there is a little Englishman who can take his measure all right, all right. When Shrubb met him the other day in New York there never was any doubt of the result after the first few miles. The Englishman again made clear the fact that at the shorter distances he can beat any of the big cracks, and alongside him the Frenchman looked like a novice. It was a case of a man built for a different kind of work tackling a past master at his own game. When it comes to the Marathon distance there is no question of the little Frenchman's superiority, but at fifteen miles Shrubb is equally sure of victory. And it might also be said that the fifteen mile run is more of a race than the other. There has been of late an altogether excessive devotion to the long grind of the Marathon, and it is high time that a little attention was paid to the shorter distances where there is more of a chance for real racing ability and less need for mere plugging.

* * *

IN connection with this very subject of the Marathon craze, there is an interesting item in a recent issue of The New York Sun. The article points out that if America is to have some worthy representatives in next year's Marathon at Athens the A. A. U. had better put its brake on the sport for the remainder of the year. If not every long distance man will be worn out for even now they are showing the ill effects of the craze. The recent event at Boston bore evidence of a decaying lot of performers, for the time recorded was the slowest in years. True enough, it was a new man who won it, but if the figures recorded were his best they mean but a mediocre aspirant, with surely a poor chance in a big international affair. Last spring before the East was hit by the craze the Boston race was the only big contest, and it was made the tryout for the Olympic team. It was won by Morrissey of the Mercury A. C. in 2 hours 25 minutes 43 1-5 seconds, and it is worth notice that the twelfth man home on that occasion covered the course about ten minutes faster than Renaud, this year's winner. This year Morrissey with others, such as Clarke, Crowley, Fowler, Ryan, Mellor, Lorz, Jensen and Andrews, is treading the weary aisle of fame badly in need of rest. But to judge by the sanctioned futures there is no let-up in sight. For instance, in the month of May alone there are no less than four Marathons in the vicinity of New York. On May Day there is the Bronx fixture and the Acorn A. C., while on May 15 Jersey City will have its event, and on May 28 the Hawthorne A. C. will hold forth at Hawthorne Field at Flatbush, Brooklyn.

* * *

THE English hold their big Marathon on May 8 over the course from Windsor Park to Stamford Bridge, and there is some talk of a new wonder from Italy. His name is Alfredo Minghetto and he is a friend of Dorando Pietri. He has already tried himself over the course, which he made in what the English papers call fair time. There is a wonder from Spain, Yuan Yruveta by name, who is going to make smash of all records. France has entered fifteen men, among whom are some very smart distance runners.

* * *

THERE is a point of interest to yachtsmen in connection with the building by William Fife of a new 90-footer with which Sir Thomas Lipton intends to make another effort to win the American's Cup. In this boat and in several racers which he has built this season Fife has developed some new ideas notably in the caulking. Instead of using putty to stop the seams after they have been caulked, he has substituted a slip of wood, called by joiners a "slip feather." The feather is covered with the extremely tenacious glue used in making hollow spars, and it is then driven hard home into the seams and left to dry. When the insides are planed off the result is an absolutely smooth surface with the additional advantage that no caulking can work out. The skin of the vessel is to all intents and purposes one piece.

JEROME D. TRAVERS.
Amateur Golf Champion of the United States.

* * *

AS the outcome of the challenge recently made by seven brothers named Williams, of Haverfordwest, to play any other seven brothers for the championship of the United Kingdom in family football and £100 a side, a match without precedent in the annals of Rugby football was decided at Carmarthen recently.

The Williams brothers were opposed by seven brothers named Randell, of Llanelly, and Mr. J. Bancroft, the veteran Welsh full-back, officiated as referee. After an exciting opening play during the first half became somewhat uninteresting, but at last Sydney Williams succeeded in registering an uncontroverted try, and at half time the score stood: Brothers Williams, 1 try; Brothers Randell, nil.

Upon the resumption of the game the quality of the play deteriorated, but the excitement among both sets of players increased so much that ultimately when the ball was in touch they came into conflict with their fists. Then the crowd rushed upon the field, and the referee declared the game at an end, leaving the Williams brothers winners by 1 goal and 1 try to nil.

The referee's opinion was that, regarded as an exhibition of football, the game was a poor one. Several other septets of brothers, have challenged the winners, and they will probably next meet the brothers Davies, of Morriston.

* * *

FRENCHMEN are coming forward these days in a number of kinds of sport usually regarded as the special territory of the Anglo-Saxon race. Just for instance, a French Rugby team went over to England recently and gave a very good account of themselves in a match against a picked English team. They were beaten, but still they showed that they knew how to play Rugby and a very good sort of Rugby at that. According to English accounts it seems that where the Frenchmen failed chiefly was in the ability to round off an attack. Frequently the ball was got out smartly, and the backs put fairly on the run only for a man with a try apparently at his mercy to pass to another man, who was in a hopeless position for scoring. With a little intelligent opportunism yesterday the Bordeaux men would have scored two or three tries. Where the Frenchmen most excelled was in the cleverness of their footwork and the really smart manner in which their forwards occasionally wheeled the "scrums." The wheeling was done in the proper manner, with the front rank still holding the "scrum," while the rear rank burst away with the ball.

* * *

E. B. WILSON writes in Daily Mirror: A remark one hears pretty often is this: "I wonder why on earth 'Varsity men row?" Well, Bourne could tell them. The man who, brushing aside all adverse criticism and even sarcasm, strokes and wins against big odds, has the moment of his life.

On the other side, what Stuart went through in the last fourteen minutes of the race must have been horrible. But these are not the ones that astonish anyone for rowing. For these facts, some of which may not be known, make the rowing blue easily the biggest of the lot. First of all, the rowing blue is the oldest of the lot. Secondly, the president of the boat club is always president of the blues committee, and has, if necessary, the casting vote; and the secretary of the boat club has a place on the blues committee, too.

None of the other sides, cricket, "Rugger," and so forth, have more than one representative. Also a man may represent his 'Varsity in the boat for five years after matriculation, and in no other branch of sport can a man compete for more than four years. It is an old privilege of the boat club which, anyway, they would not like to give up; but the stronger reason for its being stuck to is this: The five years' rule tends to keep up the high standard of 'Varsity and amateur rowing; the four years' rule would lower the standard—a fact we should all deplore.

* * *

ACCORDING to a report from South Africa R. G. Walker, the Olympic champion, has broken down and was forced to withdraw from the Transvaal championships fixed for Easter Saturday. How serious the breakdown is does not appear and all that is reported is that Walker strained a tendon in his leg, while practising starts in the Wanderer's grounds at Johannesburg. If the tendon comes around all right it is said that E. Heffron, who ran second in the Marathon at London last year, and Victor Duneker, the hurdler, will go to England with Walker and may come to America.

* * *

THE measurements by scientists of college men brings out the interesting fact that the American college athlete of to-day is a much larger man than his father was, and is constantly growing more so. The average height of the Yale athlete today is an inch and a half more than it was five years ago; he is twenty-two pounds heavier with three inches more chest development and forty-two cubic inches more lung capacity; the average height of the Yale athletes is now five feet nine and nine-tenths inches, and their weight 170.5 pounds. At an examination of Harvard athletes last fall, Professor Sargeant found that they were an inch taller and from four to five pounds heavier than were the students of thirty years ago.

* * *

A RUMOR is current in England that the Olympic games of 1912 will be held at Stockholm, Sweden, but beyond the mention of this bare fact there is nothing very definite. The International Olympic Committee, in whose hands the selection of a location rested, was to have met last January at The Hague, but it is unknown on this side of the water whether or not a conclave took place. Perhaps a meeting did take place, and it may be that without much flourish Stockholm was selected

* * *

A NEW aquatic star has shone forth lately in South Africa, and should he persevere he may be as great a success as Walker in sprinting. L. H. Godfrey is the name of the performer who recently won all three swimming championships, a notable feat for a chap of 20 years of age. He won the 100 yards in 1 minute 4 3-5 seconds, the 220 in 2 minutes 44 seconds and the 440 yards in 6 minutes 53 seconds. A little previous to the meet Godfrey hung up a South African record for the 220 yards, the figures being 2 minutes 31 2-5 seconds. In other parts of the world these times often have been exceeded, but when it is considered that Godfrey had no one to push him his work was first class. In fact he won the 440 yards so easily that he was the length of the bath—thirty-three yards—ahead of the nearest opponent.

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DRAMA

EMILY LYTTON, IN "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS."

TORONTO has at last had an opportunity of seeing the famous play which has caused such a sensation—at least from its political significance. And now having seen it some of us may find it a little difficult to understand why it should have aroused so much attention, and why even the English people to whom it was specially addressed should have been so mightily moved by it. Because frankly, as a play it is a pretty poor sort of play. In fact, it is not properly a play at all so much as a special plea for universal military training, a sort of dramatized recruiting agent and call to arms. But in this latter respect it must be admitted that it is a very clever and interesting production. It was also timed to the minute so far as the British public was concerned. The ground was beautifully prepared for it by months of blatant jingoism and hysterical war-scare; and so when it came the people were in a mood to see in its forced satire and overdrawn humor a trenchant and masterly rebuke to the levity and criminal indifference of the public mind. Its melodrama became for them poignant tragedy. And the general effect of the whole production was a profoundly impressive one, whose practical result was a tremendous rush to join the volunteer forces. But that was in England where everything was made ready. It is an altogether different story in Canada, where the possibility of waking up some morning and finding a German invader making love to the cook does not burden the dreams of the average citizen. We have not been worked up for a play of this character, and the result of the performance is anything but impressive. In fact, horrible as it may sound in ultra-loyalist ears, the people who have attended the performance of "An Englishman's Home" at the Princess this week, have shown a tendency to yawn very wide at the trenchantly satirical parts and to laugh very loud at the tragical. The unfortunate Englishman is left alone in his ruined home. The volunteers who had attempted to defend it have beaten a retreat, but still the invaders are hurling shells at it and battering it down piecemeal. Mr. Brown, however, like the Old Guard dies, but does not surrender. He resolves to defend his home alone, and picks up a discarded military rifle. The audience laughs heartily, especially when the walls fall in. He fumbles pitifully at the gun trying to see how it works, and so fires it off accidentally. The audience laughs harder than ever. Then he takes to potting at the invaders. At every shot there is a general roar. He kills a German, and the exquisite humor of the thing nearly sends everyone into hysterics. But it is when the old man is finally captured after fighting for a space with his bare fists, and when the German captain orders him out to be shot for fighting as a civilian, that the merriment reaches its height. "Take him out and shoot him," says Prince Yolande. A general roar. "I am ready," replies the dauntless old Englishman, and he is promptly marched out to be shot. The audience leans back and howls the audience's head off. It is a very callous, but also a very natural exhibition, and no one need be especially ashamed of having joined in it. If blame there is it is to be laid on the people who dramatize a political war-cry, lay on the color and the humor and the pathos with a trowel, have the whole thing played as a rollicking farce with tragic insets, and then expect people whose nerves haven't been prepared by a long course of war-scare to be really impressed by it. But while people here may not be impressed, they are at least interested by it on account of the great effect it has produced, and also on account of the real cleverness of the production regarded solely as a means to the end it proposes.

* * *

OLD playgoers are nowadays recalling the triumphs of Mme. Modjeska, the great Polish actress, who died in California a short time ago. She is one of the last of the old generation of great actors, and for thirty ears or more she was one of the most brilliant artists on the American stage. She became identified with the American stage in 1877, her first appearance being in San Francisco. But before this she had been an actress of distinction in Poland. She was forced to abandon her native country because of the Russian censorship of the Polish stage, and because of the animosity her husband had incurred through his political writings. Before that time she is said to have played as many as three hundred parts, embracing works of the prominent Polish dramatists and the masterpieces of Shakespears, Goethe, Schiller and Moliere. In later years when she sought to play in her native country she was excluded by Russian decree. This was in retaliation for her denunciation of the Russian Government in 1893 before a gathering of women at the World's Fair in Chicago. It is thought, however, that no objection will now be interposed to her burial in her native city of Cracow, where she was born in 1844.

MME. MODJESKA
As "Betty Singleton."

* * *

"BEVERLEY of Graustark" has been here before, and everyone knows that it is one of those "just too sweet for anything" romances, with a noble hero and a dear sweet heroine—American preferred—and a very happy kiss-in-the spotlight sort of ending. It is also extremely moral, and the censor when he thinks of it gets a chilly feeling of having survived his usefulness. But there is lots of action and heart interest in it, and a great many people like it very much, and are also quite justified in doing so. There is, therefore, nothing more to say, except that the present company at the Royal Alexandra give a very satisfactory performance of it.

Next Week's Bills.

Princess—"Brewster's Millions."

Royal Alexandra—Travel Pictures.

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—Runaway Girls.

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON seems to be getting about all that is coming to him in the way of stage prominence—at least in Toronto. No sooner has one of his plays, "Beverley of Graustark," finished a week at one of the city's leading theatres, before another play of his turns up for a week at our other first-class house. This time it is "Brewster's Millions," the rollicking farce comedy, which has already been seen here and which will now play a return engagement at the Princess. The play is a snappy farce with a perfectly absurd but extremely amusing plot, and a fine piece of stage-craft in the famous yacht-in-a-storm scene. There is no use telling anything about the plot as everyone knows the story of the book and the play made from it—and those who don't will probably find out during the present engagement. The company is said to be the same as played here in the former engagement.

* * *

Travel pictures are to be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra for some time to come. Performances will be given twice daily. Lyman H. Howe is the producer of the entertainment which is known as the New York Hippodrome Travel Festival—though I prefer to call it just plain "travel pictures" for short. It isn't near so aristocratic, but it is much handier. The programme, which will take two hours and a half, will be changed each week, with one exception, which will be given at every performance. This exception is a series of pictures showing a ride on a runaway train in the Tyrolean Alps. The advance agent's explanation of getting the pictures is that the photographer happened to be on a train which broke away from the engineer's control and tore down the mountain at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. It is not stated what became of the photographer, but the pictures are here all right.

* * *

The manager of Shea's promises a good bill for next week. It will include Binns, Binns and Binns, the Hengler Sisters, Byron and Langdon in "The Dude Detective"; Mr. Quick, Alcide Capitine; Van Clive; Denton & Co.; Harry Breen; Wilbur Mack, and Nella Walker.

* * *

Clark's Runaway Girls will be the attraction at the Gayety next week. "Salome and the Judge" is the rather alluring title of the opening piece. The olio will contain, among others, the Livingstons, the Davis Trio, Adams and Winfield, Carroll, the mimic, and Miss Estelle Rose, in character songs.

* * *

"Westerners" is the name of an original musical comedy to be put on at the Princess during the racing season. It has been written by Torontonians, and is to be played by local "talent" as well. The book and lyrics were written by Ralph Smith and Paul Sheard, and the music composed by J. Ernest Lawrence. The production is being given under the auspices of the Aura Lee Athletic and Parkdale Canoe Clubs of this city. It is under the direction of Mr. Hemming.

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MUSIC

LAST week this department contained a valedictory; and today, Messieurs the Public, a stranger gives you salutation. But, although the writer is strange to the page, the page is not strange to the writer. His memory of it extends all the way back to the brave days of old when "Moderato" so successfully championed the Canadian musical cause against the invasion of the Associated Boards. Following "Moderato" came "Cherubino," the *doyen* of our local musical critics; and after him "Melos," with his versatile pen. In the light of such worthy and respected predecessors, the present writer approaches his task with a full sense of the seriousness of his responsibilities; and he is moved with an Elisha-like wishfulness for a mantle to descend upon him before he finally steps into the arena of musical criticism.

* * *

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra concert on Saturday evening last was a gratifying success, both artistically and from the standpoint of attendance. The twenty-five cent tariff and the attraction of excellent home talent brought out an audience of 3,500 people, who manifested their enthusiasm and approval in no uncertain fashion. The general public must not hastily suppose, however, that because we have had a high-class concert at popular prices, the continuance of this policy is necessarily easy on the part of the orchestral directors. Mr. Harry Ryrie's guarantee against a deficit, and the money expended by the managers in preparing for the earlier, high-priced concerts were the two factors that combined to make such a popular-priced concert possible. For the preceding concert, some fifteen rehearsals were held; and, as the members of the orchestra are paid for each rehearsal, this represents a considerable expenditure of cold cash. For last Saturday's concert only two rehearsals were required; the programme being made up of repeats, so far as the orchestra was concerned. Thus, the earlier work of the season practically paid for this concert. So much for the material side.

The Prima Donna, Mary Garden, the latest sensation in Strauss's opera, Salome.

Artistically, the players gave a most excellent account of themselves. Once or twice, a slight lack of unanimity in attack occurred; but the general work was so entirely good, especially in the light of the few rehearsals obtained, that this feature is almost negligible. Such an eminent conductor as Walter Damrosch declares that four rehearsals per week are absolutely essential to his orchestra to enable them merely to keep what they have got, to retain the artistic excellence they have achieved; and, when we put against this the fact that our local organization had only two rehearsals in the past month, we may regard its work as surprisingly good. At any rate, such microscopic flaws as necessarily occurred in no wise detracted from the enjoyment of the large audience present. The programme played was announced in last week's issue, and need not be detailed here. Special mention should be made of the symphonic poem, "Finlandia," which grows upon one very markedly at a second hearing. It is a composition of noble sentiment, national in character, and will undoubtedly become a favorite number with the concert-going public. In it the orchestral brass have a very trying test, from which they emerged with considerable credit. The German "Dances from Hen. VIII." were rendered with true carnival spirit, and caught the popular fancy, as usual.

Mr. Blachford won a triumph in the Bruch violin concerto. This is the number that attracted many of our local string players to the Kreisler-Hoffmann joint recital last season, when such a disappointment was felt at the non-appearance of the master violinist. Mr. Blachford's sterling qualities were well displayed in this number.

Mrs. Frank MacKelcan's vocal numbers were contributed with much artistic finish. Her voice is a rich, heavy contralto, and of remarkably even quality throughout its entire range. A very striking platform appearance enhanced the charm of her numbers.

Such a propitious event as this concert proved to be, argues well for the future prosperity—at least, from the aesthetic side—of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Conductor Welsman's star is in the ascendant; that it may never wane is the wish of his host of admirers.

BEFORE going to the orchestral concert on Saturday evening the writer called in at the Conservatory Music Hall, where Miss Margaret Vereker, the English contralto, was giving a vocal recital. Miss Vereker's opening number was a group of six songs by Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms. When the vocalist began, there was an audience of about a baker's dozen present; and by the time the sixth song was completed the hall was comfortably filled; the conclusion of each song being punctuated by a fresh influx of late-comers. Thus it took over half an hour for Miss Vereker's first number; and it must have been very trying for the young lady to have to stand helplessly for what seemed like a series of miniature eternities, whilst some of our tardy Torontonians got seated.

There is an appreciable difference between the upper and lower notes of Miss Vereker's voice, the latter being rich and full while the former are not always satisfying in the matter of intonation. Considerable intensity of expression was manifested in the rendering of the group of songs, and such numbers as Beethoven's "In questa tomba" and Brahms' "Von Ewiger Liebe" seemed particularly to appeal to Miss Vereker's temperament. Her rendition of the "Sandmannchen" also won the generous applause of the audience.

* * *

THE audience which greeted Miss Edith Miller and her concert company on Monday evening last, in Massey Hall, made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in numbers. Miss Miller's reappearance in Toronto has been eagerly looked forward to by her large circle of friends in this city, and it is gratifying to be able to record that not one of them could have reason to feel anything but elation at the artistic growth which was so charmingly displayed. The temperamental warmth which was expressed with such free, untrammelled grace, and sound artistic judgment, bespoke the remarkable development which has taken place during Miss Miller's absence abroad. Contralto is scarcely the word which describes Miss Miller's voice. In fact, until one heard the little encore number, "Break! Break! Break!" which revealed an unexpected wealth of full, low tones, one felt chary about any employment whatever of the term contralto, in defining her vocal type. Possibly, all things considered, dramatic mezzo contralto would classify Miss Miller's vocalization as adequately as any phrase. It is said that in London, England, it is one of the favorite occupations of musical critics on wet afternoons to endeavor once more to determine the exact genus, species, class, division and variety of this artiste's voice. Certainly it is a very beautiful one, and if the public would like to judge for itself of the exact category, another concert, to take place on May 4 next, is announced as we go to press. The writer did not arrive in time to hear the first part of Miss Miller's programme which consisted of excerpts from Saint Saens' "Samson and Delilah," but the second part, made up of miscellaneous numbers, was generally conceded to be the better portion of the programme. Miss Miller was particularly happy in "Mein Liebe ist grun" and "The Little Dustman," and indeed for all her numbers won deserved recalls and a beautiful tribute of flowers. The Toronto Conservatory of Music may well be proud of its distinguished graduate.

The company which surrounds the artiste did its work most excellently well. Mr. Alfred Heather, a tenor with a voice of singular purity, lyric sweetness, and plenty of reserve power, was probably the favorite. His rendition of the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" earned for him a double encore. Mr. Thorpe Bates, a sonorous baritone, with marked operatic instincts, rendered the "Pagliacci" prologue in manly style. The heavy quality of his tone was inclined at times to interfere with the clarity of his enunciation. Miss Maud Bell's powers as a 'cellist were amply evidenced in Saint Saens' "Concerto m A minor"; and Mr. Harold Craxton made an efficient accompanist.

* * *

Deer Park Presbyterian Choir, under the direction of Mr. R. G. Stapells, is now engaged preparing Roger's Sacred Cantata, "In His Footsteps," which they hope to render in the church about the first week in May. The choir will be assisted by Miss Mable Palen, soprano; Miss Florence Stone, contralto; Mr. Fred Gearing, basso; Mr. Allen C. Fairweather, tenor; the boys of St. Simons' Anglican Church and Mr. J. Percy Milnes at the organ. Those who had the pleasure of hearing this choir sing Gaul's Cantata "Ruth" last year will no doubt avail themselves of the pleasure of hearing them again this year.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

Miss Lauretta M. Gray, a pupil of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, played the following programme at her piano recital last Saturday afternoon in the Nordheimer Hall: Italian concerts (first movement), Bach; Sonate in E. Minor, Op. 90, Beethoven; Etude, Op. 10, No. 3, and Impromptu in F. Sharp, Chopin; Novellette in E, Schumann; Concert Study in D Flat, Liszt; Liebeswaltzer, Moszkowski. Miss Gray acquitted herself admirably, her playing being characterized by beauty of tone and musicianly feeling. Miss Lillian Wilson, a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, was the assisting vocalist, and sang two songs charmingly.

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A NORFOLK farmer riding through the Welsh mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the inquiring farmer.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em"

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and fatten them on corn. It saves a lot of time?"

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer, "but, bless your heart, what's time to a hawg?"

* * *

THE young wife of a Kaslo, B.C., man, who is not especially sweet-tempered, one day approached her lord concerning the matter of one hundred dollars or so.

"I'd like to let you have it, my dear," began the husband, "but the fact is I haven't that amount in the bank this morning—that is to say, I haven't that amount to spare, inasmuch as I must take up a note for two hundred dollars this afternoon."

"Oh, very well, James!" said the wife, with ominous calmness, "if you think the man who holds the note can make things any hotter for you than I can—why, do as you say, James!"

* * *

Temperance Gentleman—Tom Timkins, if you continue like this there is only weeping and gnashing of teeth in store for you.

The Incorrigible—Ain't (hic) got a tooth (hic) in me 'ead.

Temperance Gentleman—My friend, teeth will be provided.—The Tatler.

* * *

THE new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

* * *

WILBUR WRIGHT, on the broad, green plain of his school of aviation at Pau, talked about his early struggles.

"We had in those Dayton days," said he, "wonderful offers, magnificent promises, but when it came to the actual laying down of money, then gloom descended on the scene. Our friends, with their mouths full of millions and their quite empty hands, reminded me of a Dayton barber.

"This barber said one day as he shaved me.

"'That's a fine pup of Simmons'. I'd give anything for it.'

"'Well, it's for sale, isn't it?' said I.

"The barber burst into sneering laughter.

"'Oh, yes, it's for sale,' said he, 'but do you know what Simmons wants for it? Why, two dollars!'"

* * *

THE merchant stared hard at the latest candidate for office boy.

"Well," he asked, "how many afternoons will it require to b. y. g.?"

The boy did not smile.

"My grandmother was buried many years ago," he replied. "But, frankly, sir, I would like to see a good ball game once a week—without any fictitious excuses for leaving the office." He got the job.

THIS, they say, is a true story, and it gives one an idea of a kind of humor, unfamiliar to Canadians, exploited in golf clubs in England.

An indifferent player undertook to play a "crack" on even terms, with one ingenious condition. He reserved to himself the right of saying "Boo!" three times while his opponent was addressing his ball.

As a matter of fact, he did not find it necessary to "Boo" even once, for his unfortunate opponent, in a continual state of apprehension lest his every swing should be interrupted by a terrifying "Boo" went completely off his game and lost the match.

* * *

DR. C. H. PARKHURST, the eloquent New York clergyman, at a recent banquet said of charity:

"Too many of us, perhaps, misinterpret the meaning of charity as the master misinterpreted the scriptural text. This master, a pillar of the western church, entered in his journal:

"The scripture ordains that, 'if a man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' To-day, having caught the hostler stealing my potatoes, I have given him the sack."

* * *

LORD CRANWORTH, when Lord Chancellor, used to sit continually with the lords justices, for the purpose, it was said, of enlightening himself on points of which he was ignorant.

"I wonder why old Cranny always sits with the lords justices?" said some one to Sir Richard Bethell. As usual, he was humorous, and at the same time caustic.

"I take it to arise," said he, "from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark."

When Attorney-General, Bethell once finished an elaborate address just as the court adjourned at noon. His junior, who expected to follow on the same side after lunch, said to him:

"Mr. Attorney-General, you have evidently made a strong impression on the court." "I think so, too," replied Bethell; *"don't disturb it."*

* * *

THE worthy parents of a youth at a certain college were one day disputing as to the date of their last letter to their hopeful, from whom, somewhat to the distress of the mother and the indifference of the father, they had not heard for some time.

"Are you sure, Thomas," asked the mother, unconvinced, "that it was on the twelfth that you last wrote to Dick?"

"Absolutely," was the old man's decisive response. "I looked it up in my check-book this morning."

* * *

AN old negro was doing chores around his house when his friend, the colonel, came along.

"Jasper, have you anything particular to do to-day?" asked the colonel.

"No, sah. Nothin' at all pahticlah, sah."

"Well, I'd like to have you fix up the garden for me and clean out the chicken-house. Will you do that, Jasper?"

"Fo' God!" exclaimed the negro, "does yo' wants me to do it in de daytime?"

The Wife—"Isn't it fortunate, dear, that we subscribed for that encyclopædia?"—Harper's Weekly.

AN old gentleman who owned a fine estate not far from the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire (which is open to the public when the Duke is not there) one day drove with a party of friends to this famous residence, taking with him his housekeeper, Martha, a good old soul who had been with him a great many years.

Arriving at Chatsworth, they passed slowly through room after room of almost priceless pictures. But Martha spake never a word, although it was evident that she was not missing anything. Each and every picture that her eye lit on underwent a most rigid scrutiny, much to the amusement of the rest of the party.

At last her master turned to her and said, "Well, Martha, what do you think of it all?"

"Why," exploded Martha rapturously, *"I canna see a speck o' dust anywhere!"*

* * *

A GERMAN shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:

"No, I aindt hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

* * *

HE was a fine type of the old Southern colonel, the fiery scion of a race of cavaliers. Also, he was exceedingly wrathy. He had just received a letter from a man, "a low soht of puhson, suh, I assuah you," which displeased him immensely, and he was debating, inwardly, how best to convey to his vulgar correspondent an adequate expression of his (the colonel's) opinion of him. But his stenographer was a lady. The colonel snorted, made two or three false starts, and finally dictated:

"Sir—My stenographer, being a lady, can not transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, can not think it. But you, being neither, will readily understand what I mean."

* * *

WHEN Prof. Percival Lowell in a recent lecture on the ultimate destruction of the solar system had aroused his audience to dismay at the prospect of the total obliteration of the human race and all its records he said their instinctive sorrow over the distant cataclysm was akin to the maternal instinct of a certain shop girl.

"Somebody rushed into the store where she was employed and shouted out: 'Mamma! Mamma! Your little boy has just been run over!'

"The shop girl dropped her work and ran to the door; but at the sidewalk she stopped, threw back her head and exclaimed: 'What a fool I am! I haven't any little boy. I'm not even married.'"

* * *

IT was while H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was working at his first job, delivering the village newspaper, that his inborn capacity became evident. He brought in the name of a new subscriber, Isaiah West. Mr. Anthony, the publisher, wrote down the name. Then he turned to the boy:

"How do you spell Isaiah, Henry?" he asked.

"I-s-a-i-a-h," said Henry.

"You'll do," said Mr. Anthony, with a chuckle

He told the story to a skeptic neighbor.

"But how did you know how to spell it, Henry?" asked the neighbor.

"I saw him write it down," said Henry.

* * *

WHEN a once famous member returned to the House of Commons after a by-election for Knaresborough, his unusually delayed appearance was commented upon in the presence of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The newly elected member, though a wealthy man, was known to be extremely careful about stray sixpences

"Isn't it odd," some one said, "Tom Collins doesn't turn up?"

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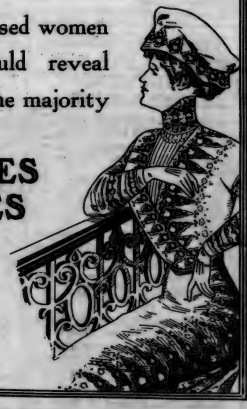

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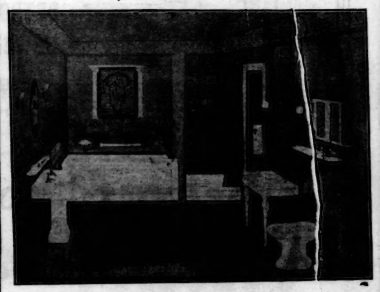

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Lady Gay's Column

THE proud boast, that the British flag doesn't wave over a slave, seems to need reconsideration. There are truly various sorts of bondage, some of which flourish under the Union Jack. I am moved to this remark by the receipt of a letter from a woman who signs herself "A Slave," and who dares me to deny or put to the proof her assertion that for at least half of the wives of today, matrimony is slavery. I shall not deny nor put to the proof any such ghastly assertion, but let the lady have her own way. I don't know in what section of the city she has made her observations; they may be locally correct, but not generally and broadly, I am perfectly certain, in the city of Toronto. When matrimony is slavery, and it frequently is, it is generally owing to the grossness and selfishness of the one or the other, for oh! irate dame, there be male as well as female slaves, take notice. And when a woman finds her shackles clanking she should go back to where she started and consider what hired her into bondage. She will, if she be honest, often find that the things she now hates formerly appealed to her very keenly and when she acknowledges that fact it's up to her to justify herself for change of taste and so forth. Not that I don't pity the woman who has outgrown animal instincts, if she suffers from her advance, but she has two people, two natures to consider, and no one but herself can justly judge between their claims, and with heavenly tact and patience give each its due.

This woman who writes is bitter, almost vicious in the way she represents herself a slave. I wonder, if her master lay at death's door, would the old love reassert itself and show her she had not used it aright. Would a little common sense and judgment, even without the shadow of Death, enable her to adjust her will and temper and duty in some sort of harmony? Personally, I never encourage women to bleat out their matrimonial woes on my shoulder, believing that reticence is half the battle, in a war in which it is a Victoria Cross matter to conquer. Time often cures the most rabid of the complainers against the tyrant man. I have seen too many bonfires blazing, fed with the dry shards of wedded bliss, and too many old couples settling down cozily to hobnob over the embers, to despair of the most acute "slave-in-revolt" case the marriage bond can produce. I am not talking of the lower classes, where personal violence is fashionable, but of the semi-refined, semi-civilized folk who call themselves society, and don't get along nicely in double harness.

What absurd ideas sometimes enter the mind at sight of some chance passer-by! The other night I was contemplating a woman, and the idea came to me of mutton, boiled, with lots of white sauce and nippy little green capers poured over it. "She does look little boiled mutton!" I said involuntarily, and my comrade, catching the words, sought out the very same person (in thousands) and wagged an appreciative head, and whispered: "Exactly. One wants her to have plenty of caper sauce!" Do you call that thought-transference, or just simple bad-heartedness in two kindred spirits?

While I write I am continually glancing out of the window, to the top of the City Hall tower, where for days a queer work has been going on. It is so fascinating to see those tiny people, the steeple-jacks, moving here and there, silhouetted so clearly against the brilliant northern sky, to watch them climbing up the scaffolding, unfurling their flag on the apex, carrying boards, placing them for the next stage, away, away up there in the blue! OW! That one seemed to lose his balance and swing over, but it was only the plank, shining golden in the noon sun, that turned in his strong arms. He climbs further, with his arms full, one gasps at the cool head, the sure foot, the perfect balance of the eerie wee men, up there in the sky! They seem like brownies, kelpies, unhuman people, doing things the very thought of which makes the head swim and the eyes close, and I'll just pull down the blind in the sky parlor, or else this column will never be finished.

Did you ever climb to the very top of a huge pine tree, with your bare knees all sticky with resin, and pine needles down the neck of your pinafore, and just below you the most wonderful bird's nest with some small hideous things that gaped upon you in the rudest way every time you moved, until you cried out at them: "Stop that, I'm not your muvver!" And their mother railed and squawked at you from the next tree in agonies of terror at your intrusion, and you perched and swung until the hard crotch of the tree nearly cut the sturdy leg off you, and then, some one—some vengeful awful someone—with a big voice roared: "What are you doing up there, miss!" As if you could have told of the swelling soul and quickened pulses, the glorious light and freedom and inspiration one finds in the top of a tall pine tree, which was what you were enjoying up there! The steeple-jacks brought it all back to

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

THE chief event of interest last week to the younger members of society was a ball given by the members of the Ottawa Rowing Club on Thursday night, which, coming after a long dearth of such festivities, made it all the more welcome, and it was very largely attended by the "youth and beauty" of the Capital.

The Racquet Court, where it took place, was most tastefully and suitably decorated with bright banners, pennants and Union Jacks, as well as with bowers of luxuriant palms, ferns and fragrant white lilacs. Some nautical emblems also added considerably to the decorations, a large racing shell being suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and crossed oars and paddles placed on the bunting at intervals around the walls. On the supper table, which was artistically arranged with baskets of white lilies and ferns, were also placed some handsome silver trophies which have from time to time been captured by the stalwart hosts, and red and blue ribbons, the club colors, were also in evidence.

The guests were received in the small ante-room adjoining the ballroom, by six of our younger matrons who kindly acted as chaperones. They were Mrs. Harold Pinhey who looked extremely handsome in an Empire gown of pale pink embroidered crepe over pink satin; Mrs. Fred Booth, whose gown was exceedingly handsome, being of old rose pointe lace gracefully draped over cream satin; Mrs. Clarence Burritt, who wore a Directoire gown of black satin; Mrs. G. B. Green, Jr., whose pretty costume was of pale blue marquisette, and who carried a large bouquet of pink roses; Mrs. Allan Gill, one of this year's brides, who was charmingly pretty in white satin with duchess lace trimmings; and Mrs. Hamnett Hill, Jr., in white chiffon over white satin with silver sequin trimming. An Italian orchestra played beautifully, and this in combination with the unsurpassable floor and altogether perfect arrangegment generally, tempted everyone to remain until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. It is gratifying to know that the Ottawa Rowing Club will reap a neat little sum from their successful efforts.

All the other social events of the week were on rather a small scale and included principally "bridges" and several teas. Among the hostesses of the former were Mrs. Alfred E. Fripp, whose party on Tuesday was given as a "good-bye" to Capt. and Mrs. Clyde Caldwell, who have since left to reside in Halifax, to which city Capt. Caldwell has been transferred in connection with his military duties; and Mrs. W. E. Phillpotts, who entertained at the Golf Club on Tuesday afternoon in special honor of Miss Adams, of Toronto, who has been staying for several weeks with Mrs. Molson Crawford. This popular visitor was also the guest of honor at a small "bridge," of which Mrs. J. Lyons Biggaar was the hostess on Friday afternoon. At this most enjoyable gathering the prizes were won by Mrs. A. B. Broderick, Miss Annie Moylan and Miss Kittson, and later in the day quite a large number of additional guests dropped in to tea, when Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth and Mrs W. E. Hodgins did duty at the tea and coffee urns.

Hon. Mr. Fisher spent a few days during the week at his country home in Knowlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassils and their family, who have for the past year been living in Scotland and England, will return in the autumn to the Capital to reside permanently. They expect to sail for Canada during the present week and will spend the summer with Mrs. Cassil's sister, Mrs. George Major and Mr. Major at Niagara Falls, Ont.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, April 26, 1909.

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Have established them as the correct concomitants to refined dressing. They embody every desirable point of accurate fitting and elegance of style.

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O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager The Beer with a Reputation

is the Light Beer in the Light Bottle, brewed only from pure barley, malt, choicest hops and pure filtered water. Filtered again after brewing, and pasteurized after bottling.

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Hercules Bed Springs and Gold Medal Felt Mattresses

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ALBANI GYE—"I always have a supply with me."

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MARIE TEMPEST—"I would not be without Vin Mariani—it is the most wonderful tonic."

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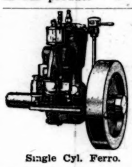
Every possible device is used that will tend to increase the quality of Ferro Engines and the results show in our product—



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Mr. Paul Hahn has been engaged as 'cello soloist for the Philharmonic Society's concert at Owen Sound on May 19.

* * *

Miss Mamie McDonald, a talented pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, will give a piano recital at the Toronto College of Music, on Tuesday evening, May 4, 1909.

John Kay Company

Pedestal No. 207
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A Notable Showing of Gift Furniture, Pottery, etc.

If everybody interested in one or more of the weddings about to be celebrated, knew what a splendid array of things beautiful and exclusive in fancy furniture, pottery, etc., was to be seen on our first and upper floors, the stock large as it is would very speedily be cleared.

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A recent importation comprises a selection of reproductions in color on metal of famous paintings by the old masters. They are suitably mounted, some in wood and others in brass frames. Any one of them would make a delightfully acceptable present.

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SOCIETY

MRS. GILMOUR, 171 St. George street, entertained at luncheon on Wednesday. Mrs. Joseph Miller, Huron street, gave a bridge of eight tables on Tuesday. The dinner at Government House next Tuesday is a military affair, at which the officers will wear mess uniforms. Mrs. Scott-Raff gave a tea for Miss Margaret Vereker on Monday. A dinner was given at the St. Charles on Tuesday night, at which Miss Agnes Deans Cameron was the guest of honor. The same distinguished guest was entertained at tea on Tuesday afternoon, when Miss Jean Graham acted as hostess for the club, giving the tea. Miss Cameron was accompanied by her niece, Miss Brown.

The stork called on Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, of Cluny avenue, recently and left them a dainty baby girl.

Miss Edith Miller, the charming Canadian girl, who won our hearts on Monday last by her splendid voice and magnetic personality, returns to sing again next Monday evening. She arrived in town on Friday morning after a busy time in Hamilton, Ottawa and London. She leaves for the West on Tuesday next. Several smart entertainments are being given in her honor.

The marriage of Mr. Wallace McIntyre and Miss Gladys Thompson took place on Wednesday at three o'clock at the home of the bride's grandfather, Mr. Thomas Thompson, in Crescent road, Rev. Rankin officiating. The drawing-room was elaborately decorated in white and gold, and Mr. W. A. Thompson brought in his daughter and gave her away. The bridal robe was a princess of white Duchess satin, with handsome lace, and necklace of pearls and peridots, the gift of the groom. The veil was fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms. Mr. Jack Snarr was best man, and Miss Mildred Thompson bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre have gone to Atlantic City for their honeymoon, and will reside in The Nanton, Rosedale, on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Alexander Clarke announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Lottie, to Dr. Edgar R. Frankish. The marriage will take place in June.

Mrs. and Miss Lake will return to Toronto next week.

Mrs. Donald Ross and her little son arrived last week on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dwight. Mrs. Dwight had some friends for tea yesterday to meet her and Mrs. Morse, of Winnipeg.

The annual meeting of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire will be held on May 10, morning and afternoon, at the King Edward, when an interesting presentation will be made to the Grand Regent.

Mrs. Cawthra, of Guiseley House, and her son and daughter are on the ocean en route for Toronto.

Dr. Geoffrey Boyd and Dr. Charles Trow have sailed for a three-months' trip abroad. Mr. Flavelle has gone to England.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

BIDWELL—On Sunday, April 18, the wife of Percy Bidwell, manager of the Imperial Bank, Balgonie, Sask., of a son.

McCLELLAN—At Picton, Ont., April 24, 1909, the wife of W. G. McClellan, of a son.

MARRIAGES

STARK-McGLASHAN — On Wednesday, April 28, 1909, at Christ church, Niagara Falls, Ontario, by the Very Reverend Stewart Houston, M.A., D.C.L., Dean of Niagara, assisted by the Reverend William Bevan, Rural Dean of Lincoln and Welland, Florence Lillian McGlashan to Norman Baldwin Stark, of Toronto.

WILSON-WELCH—At the home of the bride's parents, in Grange avenue, on April 22, by Rev. C. O. Johnston, Lula Alberta, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Welch, to John Melville Wilson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson, both of Toronto.

MITCHELL-GARFAT—At Port Hope, on Wednesday, April 28, by the Rev. W. G. Clarke, B.A., pastor Methodist church, Harvey Wesley Mitchell, Phm. B., to Edith Belle Garfat.

McINTYRE-THOMPSON—At the residence of the bride's grandfather, Mr. Thomas Thompson, 137 Crescent road, on Wednesday, April 28, 1909, by the Rev. Dr. Rankin, William Wallace McIntyre, only son of W. T. McIntyre, Esq., Glen road, Rosedale, to Gladys Hester, only daughter of W. A. Thompson, Esq., Toronto.

DORIAN-McPHEE—On Tuesday, April 20, at Pembroke, by the Rev. W. J. Knox, Christina Boyd McPhee, youngest daughter of the late Malcolm McPhee, to Charles Edward Dorian, of North Bay.

DEATHS.

DUNN—On Tuesday, April 27, 1909, at 14 Walmer road, Toronto, Herbert Langell Dunn, in his 46th year.

NICHOLLS—At "The Homewood," April 27, 1909, Florence, wife of Frederic Nicholls, suddenly, of apoplectic stroke.

THE very latest in the new Paris hierarchical and mediæval styles just to hand, which we will perfectly reproduce for the

Races

in GOWNS, COSTUMES and TAILOR-MADES, and will deliver all orders by May 22nd.

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We can sell you a Detroit Jewel to meet any requirements, whether for light housekeeping, large dwelling, restaurant or hotel.

PRICED FROM **$10 to $125**

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HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

"Miss Fidgety," of the Schofield-Holden Co., the fastest boat built in Canada and the Queen of Toronto and surrounding waters for the past three years, has been sold this morning to H. J. Baldwin, the well-known mining promotor of Haileybury, who intends to use her as a pleasure craft during the summer on Lake Temiscaming and surrounding waters. The people of New Liskeard, Haileybury, and Cobalt will have a new sensation when this speedy and graceful craft reaches her destination.

The engagement of Miss Helen Cockshutt, of Brantford, and Mr. J. J. Gibbons is announced.

Miss Adams has returned from a visit in Ottawa, where she has been entertained delightfully.

"Eureka" Refrigerators

Keep Food Perfectly Sweet and Wholesome

In order that a refrigerator may be sanitary and sane, the air must circulate thoroughly in every part. If the air is stagnant in any section of the cooling chamber the food there will soon spoil and become unfit—in fact, dangerous—to eat. "Eureka" refrigerators have the most perfect system of air circulation known. Not a fraction of a square inch of stagnant air is possible in the whole cooling chamber. There is a constant current of cold, dry air through every part. That is why "Eurekas" keep food so perfectly, why they give such splendid satisfaction, and why so many of them are used by Butchers, Grocers, Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals and Steamboats in every part of the Dominion.

Lined with Odorless Spruce or Genuine Porcelain, there is nothing about the "Eureka" to rust or corrode and poison the food.

The whole interior fittings can be removed in a moment for cleaning.

Sold direct to the user—at Factory prices.

Can be seen at the works, 54 Noble street, Toronto. Leave Queen street west cars at Brock avenue and go one block north to Noble street.

Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Is there anything that will give more pleasure to a house full of children than an Edison Phonograph?

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which play twice as long as the old ones. Your present Phonograph can be equipped to play the new Records in addition to the Records you have. Many selections each month for both Records.

You have a treat before you if you have not yet heard the new Amberol Records, and you should go to your dealer's today and get familiar with them.

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The most exquisite Dry Champagne Imported

SELECTED BRUT

A Superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather, where the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

S. B. Townsend & Co., Montreal, Agents for Canada

Harry Lauder's First Game of Golf.

MURDOCH and I had given a very successful concert in Montrose, and the next morning we discovered a couple of golf balls lying in a corner of our room.

"What dae ye say tae a game, Mac?" suggested I.

"Mac" replied that "he wasna' a very good player." I was more honest, and admitted that I could not play at all.

However, the landlady came in and, hearing of our project, she remarked: "Hoots, lads, a'body plays gowff nooadays. I'll gie ye some o' oor Jamie's clubs, an' ye can step doon tae the links in two-three meenits."

So off we set, each no doubt mentally wondering what sort of show the other would make. When we arrived at the links we strolled up to the first tee we saw and laid down our implements. Murdoch wanted me to play the first shot, but I said, "No, Mac; ye're a better player than me, an' you'll get the honor." Judging by the expression in my companion's face, I could see that he did not value the "honor" very highly. However, he agreed to begin.

"Now, Harry," says he, "watch where this ba' lichts. Stand back!"

I jumped aside lively, and it was well that I did so, for "Mac" forthwith began to swing his club in the most desperate fashion. He cleft the air with a vicious swipe, and I kept staring ahead to see in what direction the ball had flown.

"I never saw it, Mac!" I exclaimed, turning round in his direction.

"No," he replied, with a forced smile. "I—well, I sort o' missed ma swing that time. Here's the ball ower on my right."

And, sure enough, the puir wee ba' was lying half-a-dozen yards from the tee, with a big black gash in its bonny white side.

"That's a shot!" said I, promptly, as I noticed that "Mac" was about to lift the ball for another attack from the tee, and I carefully piled up three handfuls of sand for my own first attempt. It seemed to me that the more sand you used the better chance had you of hitting the ball! That attempt was far more disastrous than my opponent's, for I broke my club, filled "Mac's" eyes with sand, and moved the ball fully six inches.

"That's a shot, hang you!" yelled "Mac," with his knuckles in his eyes, and laughing in spite of the pain.

"Aye," said I, after finding that he was not maimed for life, and winking slyly at my opponent, "I—well, I sort o' missed ma swing that time!"

"You took jolly good care not to miss me, anyhow!" growled "Mac"; and then we proceeded with a game which was neither close nor exciting, but which would have afforded excruciating mirth to the most ignorant caddie in the world.

We took fully a hundred strokes each for the nine holes, but "duffers" as we were we could not help thinking that some of the holes were very close to each other. When we went home in the afternoon and told the landlady where we had started, she began to laugh. We had been playing on the ladies' course.—The Strand.

Gathered Roses.

As one through some beloved garden strays
For the last time, and, lingering, stays to break
A blossom here and there for old joy's sake,
So I go back through our lost yesterdays
And cull my fragrant memories—your praise
And pride of me, the songs we used to make,
The happy name you gave me Oh, I take
So little ere I face the untried ways!
How will it be, dear, when I look on these
My gathered roses in the years to be?
Shall I behold love's garden all a-blow
As once we knew it, or, as one who sees
That place he loved deserted, utterly
Given to emptiness and wind and snow?

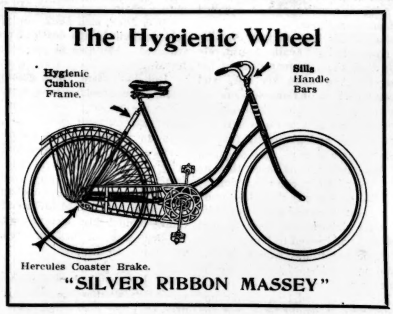
—Theodosia Garrison, in Munsey's.

MUSKOKA NAVIGATION NOW OPEN.

Grand Trunk train leaving Toronto 8 a.m. connects with steamer at Muskoka Wharf. Return connection is made with train arriving Toronto 3.10 p.m. Secure tickets at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

There are over 220 cups of "Salada" Tea to the pound; consequently, at 40 cents per pound, the consumer receives tea at the low cost of one-fifth of a cent a cup. There are few other beverages so economical and so healthful as "Salada" Tea.

Health and Beauty



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The ideal women of England are fresh-air enthusiasts. Exercise out-of-doors is their hobby; and the bicycle has for years been the vehicle used to obtain it. The women of England are healthy women; their beauty and attractiveness live with them into their gray years.

The new bicycle with all its comfort-giving qualities makes wheeling for women to-day a novel and pleasant means of obtaining exercise—and health.

The new bicycle—the wheel that has regingered wheeling—is the

"Silver Ribbon Massey Bicycle"

The Hercules Coaster Brake is the latest and greatest of Coaster Brakes. It has no side arm—can be taken out and replaced in any bicycle in one-third of the time required by the other kind.

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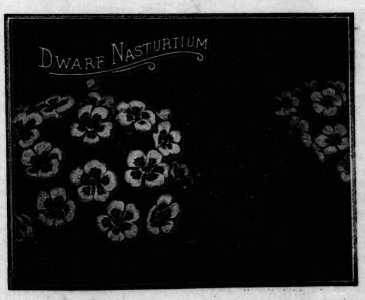

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A Backwoods Singer

(*Continued from page 9.*)

was not niggardly of his favors. He drank with the men and flirted with the women with all the passionate ardor of his kind. And soon his reputation as a reveller almost equalled his fame as a singer.

Jules did his best to restrain him, but it was of slight avail. Joe merely laughed off the remonstrances of his manager. And when his brief and poignant periods of remorse came he grew more intractable than ever—talked of going back to the woods and Marie Louise and giving up forever his career as a singer. And so Jules, who had made up his mind that he would never let him return to Nominingwhat was a girl that she should ruin a great career?—never gave him the notes laboriously lettered out which were addressed to him in Jules' care. Joe sometimes wondered that she did not send word to him, but he had never received a letter in his life, and her silence had less significance for him than it would have had for another. And as time passed he thought less and less about the matter. There were so many other things to think about. But up in Nomining a girl went on praying unfalteringly to *"le bon Jesu."*

Jules finally decided that his *protege* should go to Paris, and by playing on his vanity and curiosity, telling him of the fame and fortune he would win and of the gay life he would see, he at last prevailed on him to consent. If Joe thought of Marie Louise it was merely to regard his return to her as a little farther postponed. But first there must be a big concert, a farewell appearance, and Jules worked night and day to assure a tremendous success.

At last the day arrived, and Jules in the bustle of the final arrangements relaxed somewhat his vigilant watch over his wayward ward. Joe, who had been chafing under the restraint, took advantage of the opportunity. And he fully indemnified himself for his period of abstinence. There were many friends to wish him luck, and he helped them all to do it. Then he wished them luck in return. And so by some process quite inexplicable to him, he found himself just as evening was setting in, standing in front of Jules' business office door in a downtown office building. He tried the door. It was locked. He laughed foolishly at first. It was such a funny thing that Jules should be away when he wanted to invite him out for a drink. Then his mood changed and a sudden drunken fury took possession of him. He threw his shoulder against the door and tumbled headlong into the room as it went crashing back. He sat on the floor and laughed uproariously.

"Eh bien, saprelotte! but that was a good stroke of the shoulder."

Staggering to his feet he lurched over to the desk, on which the last mail had been thrown in a careless heap. He glanced down at it with maudlin solemnity, and then with a look of drunken wonderment picked up a letter addressed to himself. It was rudely printed out, and he could read that. Slowly he tore it open, never doubting that it was from Marie Louise. He had never received a letter from her. But he knew. And then he laboriously spelled it through.

"Mon cher Joe,

"I hope you are well. I suppose you don't send to me because you are so busy. Yesterday I made a picnic by myself, and I went to our house you were building and I sat there a long time and thought of you. I love you always and pray to the *sainte Vierge.*

"MARIE LOUISE."

He read it over and over again, and then sat with his head in his hands muttering bitter curses in an agony of remorse. He saw it all—the girl sitting there by what was to have been their home, thinking of him and praying for him. While he—*canaille* that he was!—was indulging in a drunken carouse. This could not go on. It had to come to an end and soon. Suddenly he leaped to his feet with the light of a wild decision in his eyes.

"Nom de Dieu!" he shouted hoarsely, "I will do it—I will do it." And he rushed like a madman from the building.

An hour or so afterwards Jules Demarest walked up and down at the stage entrance of the concert hall in a perfect fury. The hall was packed with people for the farewell concert of the great Canadian baritone and he had not yet put in his appearance, though the programme should have long ago begun. Jules had been forced to make excuses to them, and now he was furiously stamping about on the sidewalk straining his eyes for a sight of the truant. Still no sign of him and no word, though he had despatched messengers in all directions. He dashed back into the greenroom with half a mind to tell the audience that Archambault had suddenly been taken ill. And he was just discussing the point with an assistant, when there was a commotion and Archambault himself made his appearance wrapped from head to foot in a long overcoat.

Jules looked at him for a moment gasping in fury, and then sank weakly onto a chair.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, you scoundrel—you will be the death of me," he wheezed. And then he jumped to his feet.

"But don't stand there gaping," he cried, "you are late enough already. They are waiting for you in there. Here take off your coat."

In an instant he had pulled Joe's overcoat off him and then fell back spluttering in amazement and fury. Instead of wearing evening clothes as the occasion required, Archambault was dressed in his old backwoods costume—flannel shirt open at the throat, woollen sash of brilliant red, and moccasins, all complete.

Jules wept in his utter helplessness, while Joe watched him with sullen resolution written large on his features.

"But what do you mean?" Jules cried, "—what do you mean? You have disgraced me—we are both ruined."

"I'm going back."

That was the only answer he would give to all Jules' arguments and pitiful appeals. The dogged savage resolution of the man was at last aroused. He had no sympathy for Demarest, whom he regarded as his seducer and the cause of his present misery. He had room for only one idea.

"I'm going back."

"Go—go if you like—and all the devils go with you!" the little man finally shouted, "but, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu,* sing to-night at least. I can't send these people away. They have paid to hear you. Be an honest man. Sing anything you like—but sing!"

His earnestness was irresistible.

"Eh bien, as you wish," Joe finally growled. "I will sing. But I will sing my own songs—not those silly tra-la-la things you make me do. I will sing *'En Roulant Ma Bou'e'* and *'A la Claire Fontaine,'* and if they don't like it out there—*sapristi,* I won't sing at all."

Jules felt that it was wanton barbarism to sing these crude old chanties before such a gathering of the musical elect, but there was nothing else for it. Better these than none at all. So he reluctantly nodded his head in agreement, and then sat down in gloomy reverie. He had done his utmost, and now like Pilate he washed his hands.

Without a word Joe Archambault walked out onto the platform, followed by his accompanist, who had witnessed in silent consternation the scene between the two men and now sat down to the piano in a daze. The audience, completely taken by surprise at the sight of the disheveled lumberjack, looked at one another in astonishment and gave a little tentative applause to which Joe vouchsafed no recognition.

"A la Claire Fontaine!" he growled at the pianist, and then stood with careless insolence in the centre of the stage, his hands thrust into his sash. But with the first bars of the old melody his expression changed. The man had been keyed up to a terrible tensity which made him capable of anything—either criminal or artistic. And this was the one thing needed to turn all his volcanic emotion into song.

People talk yet in Montreal of that night, and tell how an audience of cultured people went mad with enthusiasm over a French-Canadian peasant and his old *chansons.* They tell how women wept with delight and how men shouted till they were hoarse. They even climbed onto the stage to embrace him, and had to be ordered back to their places. And they made him sing and sing and sing till he had sung everything he knew over and over again—spirit-stirring songs of the people like *"O Canada"* and *"Vive la Canadienne,"* rude chanties of the rivermen as they drive the logs in the spring floods, and vulgar ballads of the camps like *"Caderousse."* And still the people called for more and more.

At last he made them a little speech. *"Mes Dames et Messieurs,"* he said brokenly, "you are very good to me—a common shantyman. I thank you—with full hearts. But I cannot stay with you. It is not good for shantyman to live here in big city. There is a girl back there in the woods—*mon Dieu,* the pure sweet spruce woods! I am sick for them both. And I'm going back there—to finish our house—back in Nomining. *Adieu! Adieu!"* and he was gone.

Jules grasped his arm as he rushed from the stage.

"Don't — don't — a fortune!" shrieked the little man in a frenzy of excitement.

But the lumberman brushed him aside.

"I'm going back!" he said, and in another instant he was gone—back.

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